

FIVE THE HARD WAY

Today's women
have more
opportunities—
and more tough
choices—
than ever before.
Presenting five
determined
Santa Barbarans
who took
charge of their
lives and
succeeded.

By Anne Lowenkopf

Photography by Greg Huglin

GLORIA MEGINO OCHOA was the first woman and the first minority member ever to be made Counsel to the California Senate Judiciary Committee. "Because I was the woman on staff I got to do all the family law bills, the guardianships, the adoptions, the landlord tenants, as well as the nonprofit corporations."

A quick-spoken woman whose large dark eyes suggest an inner intensity, she warms to her subject as she talks. "I really enjoyed working with the senators. My job was to advise them about the legality of their bills. I learned a lot about California law and how to deal with the politics of legislation. The special interest groups would come to the office and lobby their bills. I still have friends over there."

After two-and-a-half years, she was appointed by Governor Jerry Brown as Assistant Secretary for Housing in the Business, Transportation and Housing

Attorney and mother of three, Gloria Ochoa has won respect for her powerful appeals on behalf of the less fortunate.



Agency, in 1979.

Her appointment as Public Adviser to the California Energy Commission, a step up, came eight months later. "I was representing the public interest and assisting the public to present their case in commission," she recalls. "My scientific background allowed me to understand the issues of selecting power plant facility sites. And to read the technical material. I'm sure my background played a big part in that appointment. I could advise both on the legal process and on the environmental implications." She enjoyed working with people on a neighborhood level and once again she made a lot of friends in state government.

She'll never know what might have come next.

Shortly after her appointment her husband, Frank J. Ochoa, was offered a job by the Legal Aid Foundation of Santa Barbara County. There was never a question of his refusing the appointment for the sake of his wife's career; from his UCSB days Frank Ochoa had pegged Santa Barbara as the place to raise his family, and this was his chance to realize that intention.

They moved on a Wednesday in September 1980. After a hurried week of unpacking, Gloria Ochoa had to return to Sacramento, leaving her husband in Santa Barbara with three lively children.

"He was a hero," Gloria Ochoa says. "Working two offices, one in Sacramento, the other in Los Angeles, didn't permit me more than weekend visits home." Hero or not, Frank Ochoa had been raised with different expectations, and though Gloria Ochoa's salary was the larger part of the family revenue, "he wasn't exactly thrilled about the arrangement." Two years of it and she could feel the strain on her marriage.

She quit her position eight months before its term was up to join her family in Santa Barbara. "I had no job, no connections, and Frank's connections had no money," she says and chuckles. "So I just hung a shingle up. My first office was a dark, depressing little room on State Street." The first trickle of clients came because her last name suggested she was a Chicana or because her first name indicated she was a woman. "I've had *men*

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come to me with custody problems believing that as a woman I'd know how they felt about their children."

The last name is misleading; Gloria Ochoa was born and raised in the Philippines, the oldest of eight children. "I always sort of ran the kids. Being a girl didn't handicap me as far as being able to be assertive and get what I wanted."

Her father, an attorney, expected *all* his children to go to college; still when she graduated from high school, he inquired about her career intentions and she told him she wanted to be a doctor. "That's a wonderful career," he said. "But our family can afford to send only one child to medical school. We better save it for one of your brothers." Gloria Ochoa's second choice was to study law. "Every family should have one lawyer," her father replied. "And in this family I'm it."

Finally, she asked to become a chemist and her father agreed. She studied for three years at the University of Philippines before coming to this country. After completing her BS in chemistry at UC Davis, she worked at Davis as a research chemist for eight years. "I enjoyed the stimulation of the laboratory and designing experiments tremendously. But to progress I needed an advanced degree."

The law was still an unsatisfied itch. On impulse she took the LSAT and applied to one law school. Her score was high; the Law School at UC Davis accepted her.

Gloria Ochoa's ten-year marriage to a chemist broke up not long after she entered law school ("That might have had something to do with it"), leaving her with a small son. Frank Ochoa was a year ahead of her in law school when she met him in her second year. They married as she was graduating. He adopted her son and eventually they had two more. Patrick is in the Air Corps, Alejandro and Francisco are enrolled in Franklin Elementary School. The three of them have a rare intimacy with their father from the days when he was principal caretaker.

Gloria Ochoa expects her sons to have different expectations of marriage than their father had. "Too much is expected of women," she says. "You can't be perfect in everything. I want my sons' wives to have an easier time than my generation did."

Gloria Ochoa has come to enjoy private practice. She's well established; her reputation draws clients. "About 60 percent of my practice is family law and personal injury. The rest is consumer action—different things. My husband was appointed judge about two months after I opened my office, so I have refused criminal cases. And I won't be a hired gun. I like to work for settlements where both sides feel they've salvaged something."

No good at turning away people who can't pay, she points out, "Poor people have pride. They pay when they can. One of my clients had an alcoholic husband who beat her up. He beat the children up. She was working part time to feed her kids. I found her a psychologist and got her a divorce. Months after it was final, she came to my office with a check for the full amount. I was in tears. She looked so good. It makes it all worthwhile."

Y V O N N E C H E N

"MY FAMILY COMES FIRST," Yvonne Chen says. "I've always gone where my husband's career has taken him."

This traditional approach hasn't hurt her career as an architect. A member of the American Institute of Architects, she's on her own with a long airy office in the second story of a converted Victorian House on Arrellaga Street. When her current project, a three-story office building, becomes a solid reality, two more assignments wait for her, a condominium and another large office building.

Her hair swinging in a well-structured flying wing, Chen leans over a half-foot stack of blueprints and tissues, eager to get back to work. "I've been lucky," she insists. "But you have to keep working at luck. Being good isn't enough. You're spending people's money. Still, if I had another life, I'd want to be an architect. It fits me. I hope it fits one of my girls."

Fresh out of UC Berkeley's Architectural School with a BA and no experience, she was hired by a Santa Barbara architectural firm when her husband accepted an appointment at UCSB. She worked for others for 13 years before she opened her own office in 1980.

Yvonne Chen is a win-win person. "I see no racial or sexual obstacles," she insists. Apparently they haven't existed for her, either. From the beginning clients found their way to her newly opened office; her first jobs were small, but commissions have become more interesting and complex.

Having control of design and execution

*Contemplative moments
at home in an uncluttered
alcove serve to renew
Yvonne Chen's
commitment to her high-
pressure career.*



excites her—the reason she struck off on her own. At school, geometry was an addictive game. The same part of her mind is challenged by designing buildings; she becomes obsessed with the problem, unable to push it away until it's solved. The feel of a project in her mind, the power to see her design executed as she envisioned it, or to redesign around an unexpected contingency while preserving the overall effect, gives the daily hustle upstairs to her office a sense of adventure.

As a mother she feels she has been equally successful. A closeness exists between her and both children, Donna, a senior at UC Berkeley, and Davina, a senior at Santa Barbara High School.

"Having a career and being a wife and mother is tough," she admits. She had babysitting help but did the housework, the cooking, the caring for the children herself. Fortunately, her small wiry frame exudes energy and health. But a good part of the secret of her success is a passion for both jobs. Her work stays in the office when she goes home for the night. And she insists on weekends free for her family.

Chen has actively designed the structure of her life. Refusing to be dismayed by her failure to qualify for the School of Engineering at the University of Hong Kong, she enrolled in the School of Architecture and discovered it suited her better.

She made the big leap to UC Berkeley because she wanted the excitement of a new country, because her future husband was enrolled at Harvard, and because she had high school friends in San Francisco. After marrying Chi-yun Chen in Berkeley, she moved to his arena, Massachusetts, and took courses at MIT while he completed his studies at Harvard.

Chen's biggest choice, the most radical one, was leaving her newborn first child with her mother-in-law in Hong Kong for thirteen months while she completed her education in Berkeley. She has never regretted it. Her voice, which still has a bit of China in it, is insistent, pointing out, "Otherwise I would be very unhappy, and if I'm unhappy nobody else around me would be happy. We were in Malaysia with my husband's work when I got pregnant. Servants abounded. For the first time in my life I had nothing to do. It was a turning point. I realized how boring life could

be if you don't have a profession."

Convenient stereotypes don't fit Chen. The woman who picked up and followed her husband through every move in his academic career, is surprised to be asked if he approves of her career. "He does, but what difference does it make?" she asks. "It's my decision not his." She doesn't resonate with the dependency of American women who required a feminist movement; she always felt free to choose, to do, to attempt. She feels a similar distance from her Chinese background. The vortex of sibling interaction shaped her independence more than anything else, she suspects.

Born in Hong Kong in 1939, the third of seven children, she lost her mother when she was seventeen. Their businessman father was successful enough to provide for a comfortable home, including a servant to help with child care and housekeeping. The house swarmed with family friends, who often stayed for meals, arguing issues, intent on mischief and projects. She and her brothers are still close and still argue, she says. Their family life was what the children made of it, with their father a secure, permissive, busy background figure. She met Chi-yun Chen in Hong Kong and drew him into their circle of friends. She shrugs away as inconceivable the thought that her father or family might have objected to her choice of boyfriend.

Her most recent decision is to remain available to her children until the youngest has completed her bachelor's degree. That means postponing her dream of going back to the university for graduate work, research, and teaching. "I won't give up my office," she says emphatically. "Balancing theory and practice is important. Exciting. That's my goal."

The postponement threatens realization of that goal—in her mind at least. "For the first time in my life," she says, "I've wondered if I could do something. Always before if I wanted to I assumed I could. Now, I don't know . . . four years is a long time."

She doesn't plan to regret that decision either. "If I don't feel up to a research career, it'll be all right. I love working as an architect. Creating structures from the paper up is great."

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S T I N A H A N S

"I DON'T COMPROMISE," Stina Hans says, her attractive face relaxed and confident. "This is your life," she advises. "You need to do the best and be the best and offer the best you can."

Stina Hans's best includes running MCBA, the software company she has owned for 6 years. Employing 115 workers, last year MCBA grossed \$8.1 million. Marketing surveys rank MCBA the nation's leading independent software house with over 22,000 worldwide wholesale customers of her "software solutions for business."

Thirty-eight is young to be president and CEO, but her guidance and 60-hour work week have taken the company into micro, mini, and supermini markets. "I didn't have a natural aptitude for computers. I worked my butt off and learned," she said, her voice soft and decisive.

"I enjoy it," Hans insists, "It's not just the challenge, it's fun." It's also a long commute: MCBA is located in Glendale; Stina Hans's home is in Hope Ranch. Every morning her driver comes for her at 7:30. She works the two hours it takes to get to Glendale. That's hard head-down work, handling her in-box, planning strategy, coping with problems. Every afternoon she climbs in her mobile office at 4:00 p.m. for the return trip.

A squirming seven-month-old baby in her arms, she laughs about juggling business and family. "I was bringing Elizabeth to work with me until she became too active to sleep through the trip. I need that work time. But she's still nursing."

Hans learned the trick of combining a busy work load and nursing with her first child, Brian, now 6. There is also 2-year-old Steven: "I'm a builder. I wanted a family."

Aware she would have to earn a living, she was working by age 13. She suspects her tendency to feed on education comes from parents who were teachers. Hans acknowledges her debt to the new societal tolerance of women in business. However, she has never felt pushed by life. The vision of what she wants draws her.

Her first major job, merchandising in the garment industry, left a bad taste in her mouth. "So I looked around for an environment I would like and went back to

the University of Massachusetts to pick up secondary school teaching credentials."

While at the university, she decided to gamble some time and energy on a new idea for developing packaged software for computers. Back in 1974, software companies were nonexistent.

Her advisers said, "Don't!" "Still," she remembers, "I knew computers would become as common as telephones." The challenge of opening a new field excited her. She promoted MCBA's first set of software packages, and as a result, two companies bought the product sight unseen. "It was hot," she said with a small triumphant laugh. "We were there at the right time."

Abandoning the security of teaching, she began working full time with MCBA. When it moved to the Los Angeles area in July 1975, she stayed on as a junior part-

ner. The move didn't accomplish what the senior partner hoped for fast enough. He wanted to sell "at a ridiculous figure." Hans offered to buy him out. Then the financial partner wanted out of a firm headed by a woman; she bought him out, too, arranging to finance it "on time."

It was her opportunity to do something entirely on her own. "I decided not to compromise by bringing in venture capital. You do that early on," she says, "and you end up working for someone else." Mid-sentence, she dashes around the desk toward Steven who is wobbling down tile steps in his mother's high-heeled sandals. Matron/mother/CEO is the order in which she acquired her major responsibilities. Divorced—"It wasn't a bad marriage, it just didn't click"—she was ready to do without rather than settle for a slightly wrong marriage, when she met attorney



Joel Kreiner, who did click. Hans was married, pregnant, and planning to cut back from a 70-hour to a 50-hour week when the crisis struck. Brian was born four months before his mother took over MCBA.

Learning to be a mother and a president at the same time was the biggest challenge of her life. She loved it.

Her move to Santa Barbara in June 1984 was part of her commitment to education, this time her son's. As CEO it would have been better to have stayed in Glendale. But when her eldest was ready for kindergarten, the mother became concerned. She says, "Public schools in Los Angeles were terrible. The only really good independent school was right in the middle of smogville."

Scouting farther afield, she came to Santa Barbara. "And I fell in love with

Laguna Blanca and with its kindergarten teacher. We made the move, and Brian had a wonderful year.

"The move has been good for all of us. In Los Angeles we could never get the clean air and the advantages of Hope

Ranch. Santa Barbara really startled me at first: I'd forgotten the decency of a smaller town."

Despite her house staff, Hans makes dinner. She nurses the baby and bathes Steven. Weekends are for the family. "And Wednesdays I stay home," she announces proudly. "It's my Mom Day: dentist, doctors, being with the kids. But when I'm in a meeting mode, I stay in my apartment in town; negotiations keep me there on average one night a week."

She admits to being "stressed out" at times. "Then I back off a bit. Take a day off. Go do something educational." She and her husband manage a short weekend together about once a month; occasionally they sneak out to dinner by themselves.

But enjoyment is far greater than her sense of stress. "When I'm frustrated it's very focused. It doesn't last long. I see so many people, so many women, who are frustrated and resentful. It just radiates in their lives. I think it's distressing. I also think it's unnecessary. You make your own bed. Some people get onto negative spirals. I think, What for? What for? Let's make the best out of this situation. Look at the opportunity. If we do this, we could build this. And isn't that exciting? Okay, if we don't make it go right, then we'll do something else, but let's try it. Let's get off our butts and do something."

*Software company CEO
Stina Hans gets a
headstart on her heavy
workload while on the
road to her Glendale
headquarters.*



JANICE GARRETT



A passion for science and hard work have rewarded vet Janice Garrett with a burgeoning practice.

NINETEEN SEVENTY-TWO was a crisis year for veterinary student Janice Garrett; clinical work had just been added to the first year curriculum at UC Davis, and Garrett discovered watching surgery made her a tad light-headed. "We'd be tromping through the fields on an emergency call; I'd see a horse bleeding copiously and think, Whoa! Maybe we'd better sit down."

But she never let anyone catch on. "In fact, during that first year at Davis, my clinical work in a group practice in San Francisco had me assisting a surgical specialist. We really hit it off. They invited me back my sophomore, junior, and senior years." Had her training ever taken her up to her shoulder in a cow? She laughs. "With *my* arms, it's up to the ear lobe."

When the specialist moved his practice to

Los Angeles, he offered Garrett a job that gave her an insider's look at the effectiveness of a number of different hospitals and clinics. The new perspective became one of various forces to make her an extraordinarily busy veterinarian.

A past president of the Santa Barbara/Ventura Veterinarian Association, and former head of Santa Barbara & Ventura Continuing Education for Veterinarians, Garrett's current schedule is a blockbuster. Friday, Saturday, and Monday she's on duty at Santa Barbara's Cat Clinic, with a Sunday drop-in to check on the animals, extra days of surgery, plus stints of taking over during the owner's vacation. Tuesday and Wednesday nights, she often works at the Emergency Clinic in Ventura. And on *her* vacation, she works for two weeks at a clinic in Beverly Hills.

This is a cutback from her 120-hours-a-week work program that ended with a three-month bout of mononucleosis. Garrett shakes her head, laughing. "My tendency is to overwork."

You wouldn't guess her for a workaholic. At 36 she's blonde, and cuddly-looking. "I love to play. One of my early ambitions was to be a ski instructor. There's a real kid in me," she acknowledges, rumpling the ear of a dog that had just taken possession of her lap. "That's part of what draws animals to me." Her work load keeps her off the slopes except for rare weekends, but she compensates by keeping three bathing suits in the back of her car to have a dry one ready at a moment's notice.

A playful impulse once prompted her to accept a job on an estate in Acapulco as the live-in personal physician to a standard poodle, fourteen assorted tiny, purebred, furry types, and a flock of tropical birds. "It was my childhood fantasy come true. I was surrounded by adoring dogs." Garrett, whose phobia about birds makes her professional life interesting at times, met the resident hyacinth macaw when it sneaked up and bit her on the heel. The grand finale of the Acapulco experience came when her clients flew to the States on a commercial airliner with all their pets, travelling first class, Garrett in charge, watching in dismay as their dogs' mistress freed them from their carriers.

Born and raised in the Bay area, Garrett spent much of her childhood tagging after her father, an ice cream manufacturer whose hobby was raising dalmatians. "I'd be out there, helping him to hammer together a whelping box," she recalls. "Earning his respect meant more than anything to me. He encouraged me to have a career so I'd always be able to support myself."

Her parents wanted her close to home, so instead of Stanford, she trailed her high school valedictorian honors to junior college in San Francisco. There her counsellor kept trying to make a dental hygienist out of her. "It'll only take two years," he told her. "By then you'll be married."

The prediction seemed reasonable; she flirted with writing, with its record of blending with marriage and motherhood. But her interest in science proved decisive.

She enrolled in UCSB's marine biology

program, graduating with a bachelor's degree in biological sciences and an ambition to go to graduate school in biology. "I was on fire with excitement to do research in parasitology, and I told my father I was going to be Nobel prize material. That's when he grinned at me and said, 'Yes, but what are you *really* going to be?'" She knew the answer he wanted—he'd dreamed of following his stepfather into veterinary practice but family finances had needed a wage earner not a college student. So Garrett applied for veterinary school at UC Davis. At the time, scarcity made veterinary schools choosier than medical schools, and Garrett lacked a number of requirements. Davis didn't care. They were impressed by her academic record and by her personality profile. She found herself dashing after requirements, acquiring a taste for working day and night.

The return to Santa Barbara came about when a local clinic needed help. "At the end of the week, I bought a house here and began commuting to my job in Los Angeles."

Professional opposition to her as a woman amuses Garrett more than pinches her. She enjoys turning a patronizing attitude into respect. "Animals in pain bother me," Garrett says, "and I respond accordingly." At Davis, instructors chided her for her softness, urging "professional" indifference to her patients. "But most of my colleagues admire my work. I've known a lot of specialists and I've practiced with a lot of specialists."

"I'm becoming more and more myself. I'm more and more in control of where I'm going and how I'm going there," she says. At the moment she is not certain where that control will take her. Will she buy a practice? Will she develop her writing? She can't see the future clearly. Her motivation is not primarily financial. "If that were the case I'd be in L.A. The offers I've turned down in L.A. would drop most people in their tracks."

Is the biological stop clock pushing her? She shakes her head, laughing. "Depends which day of the week you ask. I like children. I like family life. But I wouldn't want to marry unless it was somebody special."

"There are so many things I want to do. I just don't know what's going to happen. But that's okay."

"I told my father I was going to be Nobel prize material.

That's when he grinned at me and said, 'Yes but what are you *really* going to be?'"

“My parents taught me to believe if you want it and work hard you can reach your goal. That’s my heritage, what I’m trying to pass along.”

“A MAN I’D APPREHENDED in the act of raping a woman was out on the streets before I’d completed the paper work,” Rita Spaur recalls. “What had I accomplished?” In 1978, she quit her job as a Boulder County, Colorado, sheriff’s deputy for a year. “Long enough to find law enforcement really was my true love—long enough to do some growing up. I was a wild, wild woman in the 60s and 70s who thought I could change the world.”

Police work as a job possibility first occurred to her when she read a newspaper article about a woman officer. Its challenge and the idea of service appealed to her. She strolled into the Boulder County sheriff’s department to apply for a job without wondering if they would take women. They would.

She liked her training and her job, until she ran into the law’s loopholes, obstacles every law enforcement officer knows. “I was out there working my hardest,” she says, shaking her head, remembering, “but it seemed to me the judicial system was letting me down.”

Spaur has been in law enforcement for 12 years. Returning to it in 1979 she hired on at Colorado State, where she developed the university police program. On vacation she discovered Santa Barbara. “Everyone told me UCSB didn’t hire nonlocals. But I thought it wouldn’t hurt to send in my application.” She reported for duty two years ago.

Spaur grew up cowboying. Home base was a small family farm near Boulder. Her father rodeoed, telling his two girls, “I don’t need sons. I’ll teach you to rodeo.” Spaur, competing in all events, including riding brahma bulls, became state champion.

Graduating from Colorado State in 1972 with teaching credentials in physical education, she was hired by Fort Collins High School and thought she had it made until she put in a request for four basketballs. “I never got a one of them. But the boys gym got all the equipment they asked for.” Frustration at the unfairness pushed her out of teaching and lit a fire that is burning still. Off duty, she’s president of the local chapter of NOW, and she and roommate Deidre Acker are starting Choices, a mail-order bookstore devoted primarily to feminist literature.

“Education accomplishes more than making a lot of noise,” Spaur says. “My parents brought us up to be independent women. They taught me to believe if you want something and work hard, you can achieve your goal. That’s my heritage. That self-reliance, that independence, is what I’m trying to pass along.”

The Spaur family was a close-knit, warm family with the old-time farm values of helping neighbors. On patrol Spaur feels she is helping her community, Isla Vista, and the UCSB students who comprise about 90 percent of the population.

The Foot Patrol works for UCSB in conjunction with the Sheriff’s Department. “The only difference between the two is the color of our pants,” Rita says. “Theirs are green; ours are tan.” Like a sheriff, she’s armed, and she’s used her gun on duty, but more often her work is in prevention.

“Our policy is to give the kids that extra chance. If they’re drunk, we’ll walk them home rather than take them in. If they fight us, they’re so drunk they need to be arrested.”

Increasingly having to deal with violence and theft, she blames overcrowding. But drinking and drugs lie behind the majority of Spaur’s arrests. “Pot, coke, ecstasy—no one wants to think they’re at UCSB. But they are. About 20 percent of the students cause problems for themselves and us with alcohol and other drugs.”

As she talks Spaur’s expression alternates between police officer dead pan and youthful enthusiasm, earrings flashing with the movement of her head. “Education is the way to stop drugs, starting in grade school. The kids who cause us trouble were users before they came here.”

On the whole, UCSB students aren’t a problem. “They drop in to talk—we look on them as friends.” When outsiders go wild during the big events, the students help the patrol control the intruders—high schoolers and out-of-town youth.

“Contact, establishing a relationship, creates the alliance,” she explains, a smile breaking through. “And attitude. I remember that at their age, I was no angel. You’ve got to expect them to test the system—to test themselves.”

Foot Patrol headquarters is a store-front office with no cells, sparsely furnished with desks looking like purchases from a thrift



shop's thrift shop. The officers are out much of the time, leaving only a coordinating sergeant to manage the desk; in crisis, the sergeant locks up and lets the Sheriff's Department handle incoming calls. Outside, on foot or bicycle, watching, talking, feeling what's going on is Spaur's favorite duty.

Student trust is still a goal not a fact. Rita points to an article in *Nexus*, the campus paper, on rapes during last Halloween. "Not one of those rapes was reported," she says quietly. "I'm trying to spread the word that things have changed. Victims are respected. They're being treated gently."

Spaur hasn't encountered prejudice in the Foot Patrol. "Sure, they test you," she says. "An officer will test any new partner, male or female. Partners' lives often are in each other's hands. They should test. When I first went into law enforcement, it was more than testing. Law enforcement has improved in many ways since the mid-70s."

Spaur is single, 38, and doesn't know if she'll marry. She misses family life but enjoys the freedom to allocate her time and energy as she sees fit. She hopes eventually to trade the Colorado property she bought for a house or a bookstore in Santa Barbara.

Rodeoing is part of her past. She loved it, but it's over. Now her life is law enforcement. She loves that, too. The excitement, the challenge of being thrown on her own resources, the satisfaction of helping. And that is what she sees for her future: excitement, being on her own, helping. ■

Anne Lowenkopf teaches an adult education course at UCSB and is currently at work on a book on writers and the law.

On foot patrol at UCSB, Rita Spaur relishes an opportunity to meet with students and promote understanding.

By Dorothy Campbell Jefferson

Riding the old stagecoach route beside the owner of the Cold Spring Tavern recreates the experiences of travelers over a century ago. Virtually the same scenery rolls by as Audrey Ovington's accounts of the history and legends of the road force you to look over your shoulder to see if you're being followed by Black Bart, a mysterious highwayman who robbed stages as they plied San Marcos Pass in those wild days of yore.

42



WE HAD JUST TURNED OFF Highway 154 onto Kinevan Road, the longest existing stretch of the original stagecoach road, when Audrey pointed out "the oldest sign in Santa Barbara County," made of solid iron with skinny cut-out capital letters—"DON'T TRESPASS; PRIVATE LAND NEXT 1.7 MILES." We were approaching the former site of Kinevan's Summit House, destroyed by fire years ago, where travelers stopped briefly for refreshment. Low chaparral hugging the curving mountain road rose abruptly into an enchanting woodland glen of giant twisting oaks, with sycamore and bay trees reaching long arms across the road, a winding stream to the right, and to the left mammoth rocks securing the base of a steep bank ascending to West Camino Cielo.

About a mile ahead is the 2,225-foot summit of San Marcos Pass, marked on

one side by Signal Rock, where people used to hail approaching stagecoaches, and Dead Horse Rock, where an angry horseman once pushed his recalcitrant horses over the cliff. Nearby stands a plaque erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution commemorating the date during the Mexican War when a troop led by Lt. Col. John C. Frémont rode across on Christmas Day, 1846, to take possession of Santa Barbara, unaware the Californians waited to ambush them at Gaviota Pass, ten miles beyond.

"Mary Kinevan and I had a mock running battle for years about where the stagecoach changed from four to six horses—Summit House or Cold Spring," says Ovington. "Of course, we were both right, since six horses were needed on either side to climb San Marcos Pass to the summit."

To fill the gap between Mattei's Tavern

Above: The charming centerpieces of Cold Spring's 11 building complex are (from left to right) the saloon, dining room and gift shop. Left: The rustic saloon features a fieldstone fireplace and historic memorabilia.

at Los Olivos, where the narrow gauge railroad ended, and Santa Barbara, the end of the northbound Southern Pacific railroad, rugged stagecoaches called mud-wagons plied the mountain pass on eight-hour trips from 1868 until the early 1900s.

Cold Spring Relay Station, as the tavern was known in those days, was a Mecca for weary travelers who stopped at noon for dinner, a taste of the finest water in Santa Barbara County, or something stronger. Now, after more than 100 years, tourists, families on holidays, and an admirable regular trade still beat a path to its door,

43



Top: A bronze stagecoach and team graces the mantel of the barroom fireplace. Middle: An 1870's stage pauses at Hobo Rock, midway down the south slope of San Marcos Pass. Above: Cold Spring Tavern as it appeared in 1941, when it was purchased by Adelaide Ovington.

arriving in wheels ranging from Rolls-Royces to Harley-Davidsons and everything in-between.

Nestled like a spiked crown amongst water maple, bay, and sycamore trees at the head of Cold Spring Canyon on Stagecoach Road, Cold Spring Tavern and its 11 buildings are part of a 40-acre spread that is, in the generally arid Santa Ynez mountains, blessed with 52 springs. It is one of a few private properties entirely surrounded by California's Los Padres National Park.

Following a well-packed dirt walkway, surprised visitors who first glimpse the tavern amid a cluster of weather-seasoned





frame buildings, perched above a confluence of two creeks, often think of Alaska, Colorado, or Wisconsin. Just inside an old Dutch door is the barroom with its gleaming polished backbar and a footrail made from Santa Barbara's State Street trolley tracks.

The railing of the family entrance has been ingeniously restored by artist Richard Sample, of Buellton, using curving branches of pine, sycamore, and bay trees right out of Cold Spring's forest.

"When my mother, Adelaide, bought the property from Robert Doulton, in February 1941, there was only one piece of furniture in the tavern—a tall, hand-carved pine sideboard (Kitchen Queen), a forerunner of the kitchen sink, made by a Frenchman who couldn't pay his board bill," Ovington points out. Now, standing on the original pine flooring, sturdy

Above: A quintessential western woman, Audrey Ovington transformed a \$35 packing crate into 'Blisshaven,' her cozy Cold Spring hideaway. Left: The original Ojai jail was carted to Cold Spring in 1960.

saloon chairs cluster around solid wooden tables.

Three fieldstone fireplaces warm the tavern—in the barroom; in the White Room, where the Ovingtons once slept; and in the Ranchero Visitadores' Room, which also sports branding iron and irons with horseshoe feet made by Ernie Bedwell, an old-time game warden. The tavern and surrounding buildings are gold mines of antiques and western memorabilia collected by Ovington.

"We remodeled these rooms in the '50s," she says, "removing nine layers of

Continued on page 53

FITZPATRICK'S BODY shop. What a place! Downtown San Diego on India Street, just up from the harbor. Dirty. Noisy. A perfect spot for a young boy to hang out while waiting for his grandfather to "finish up a few things." Amongst the rows of spare auto parts, my adventures were limited only by my imagination. As the mechanics rebuilt Chryslers and Fords, I went wild transforming fenders, doors, hoods, and grills into space ships and time-travel machinery.

Today in Santa Barbara, other imaginative powers are going wild—in the futuristic world of human implants. Our technological wizards are saving and repairing lives around the globe with pioneering designs that have skyrocketed our small region into the second-largest biomedical producer of its kind, behind only the Minneapolis area, which is the major supplier of the Mayo Clinic.

From heart valves to eye lenses and brain shunts, these unique products are due in large part to the work of Rudolph ("Rudi") Schulte, who is still somewhat surprised by his accomplishments and the scientific stature he's attained.

As a boy in war-torn Germany, Schulte dreamed of cowboys, Indians, and coming to America—the land of opportunity. After working his way through an apprenticeship, he became a master watchmaker and immigrated in the 1950s to the United States. Soon he realized a watch repairman's financial future was limited, so he took a job at an electronics company while continuing to repair watches in his Pasadena garage late into the night.

One evening the clamor of fire alarms and sirens sent him into the streets. A forest fire was raging in the hills behind his home. While watching the flames, Schulte and a neighbor, Ted Heyer, began talking. Heyer was fascinated by Schulte's ability to work with minute gears and tool-

THE \$50 MILLION DOLLAR MEN

By Jim Fitzpatrick

Thanks to biomedical pioneers Rudi Schulte and Ted Heyer, Santa Barbara is now the nation's second largest center for the booming human implant industry.



Rudi Schulte (right) introduces Ted Heyer to Nancy Eich, a thirty year old hydrocephalus victim who, as a two-month old infant, was among the first recipients of a Heyer-Schulte brain shunt.

ing, and as they toured Heyer's workshop, Heyer suggested, "Perhaps you could help a friend of mine. He's a neurosurgeon with a young patient suffering from hydrocephalus."

The rest, you might say, is medical history—the birth of a \$50-million-a-year industry in Santa Barbara, and new hope for tens of thousands of people.

Hydrocephalus is caused by an excessive accumulation of cerebrospinal fluids within the cranium—commonly called water on the brain. Affecting one in 1,000 newborns, the increased fluids cause swelling, the baby's head grows larger than normal, and in severe cases the brain is permanently damaged. Physical and mental impairment result, but today,

thanks in part to a chance encounter between two neighbors, hydrocephalus is no longer a fatal condition, and children receiving early treatment often live normal lives with normal physical development.

Schulte has no medical training. He says he never dreamed that one day he would work shoulder to shoulder with great neurosurgeons in operating rooms around the globe, and that he would be honored at international medical conventions as a hero.

"My reputation is way overrated," Schulte claims modestly. "What I did was really the result of being in the right place at the right time and, of course, having the ability to work with very small objects. The rest was just tinkering, trying to improve something that seemed to work."

Tinker he did. After meeting with Heyer's neurosurgeon friend, Dr. Robert Pudenz, he spent hours working and reworking silicone to produce an improved shunt—a device surgically inserted to drain fluids away from the hydrocephalic patient's brain. In the late 1950s no readily available brain shunts existed for these patients. With Pudenz's direction, and Ted Heyer's knowledge of plastics and engineering, the Heyer-Schulte

brain shunt was eagerly awaited by the medical community. It was a lifesaver.

Schulte spent years continuing to tinker with the shunts. Each new patient had a special set of circumstances that required modifications or improvements. "One of Rudi's greatest steps was the design of the pump valve," says Alistair Winn, president and founder of Admiral Materials, a Santa Barbara spin-off of one of Schulte's later companies. "Several of the brain-shunt patients had difficulty regulating the drainage, but Rudy's pump valve made regulation possible."

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Rudi's greatest steps was the design of the pump valve," says Alistair Winn, president and founder of Admiral Materials, a Santa Barbara spin-off of one of Schulte's later companies. "Several of the brain-shunt patients had difficulty regulating the drainage, but Rudy's pump valve made regulation possible."

Today the valves and connectors are very sophisticated, but the first shunts were simply tubes inserted into the space between the cranium and brain, and then connected via catheter tubing to the heart where the cerebrospinal fluids disperse naturally. After the procedure, the infant's head gradually shrinks to normal, and during the first year doctors check the baby monthly to assure against fluid buildup.

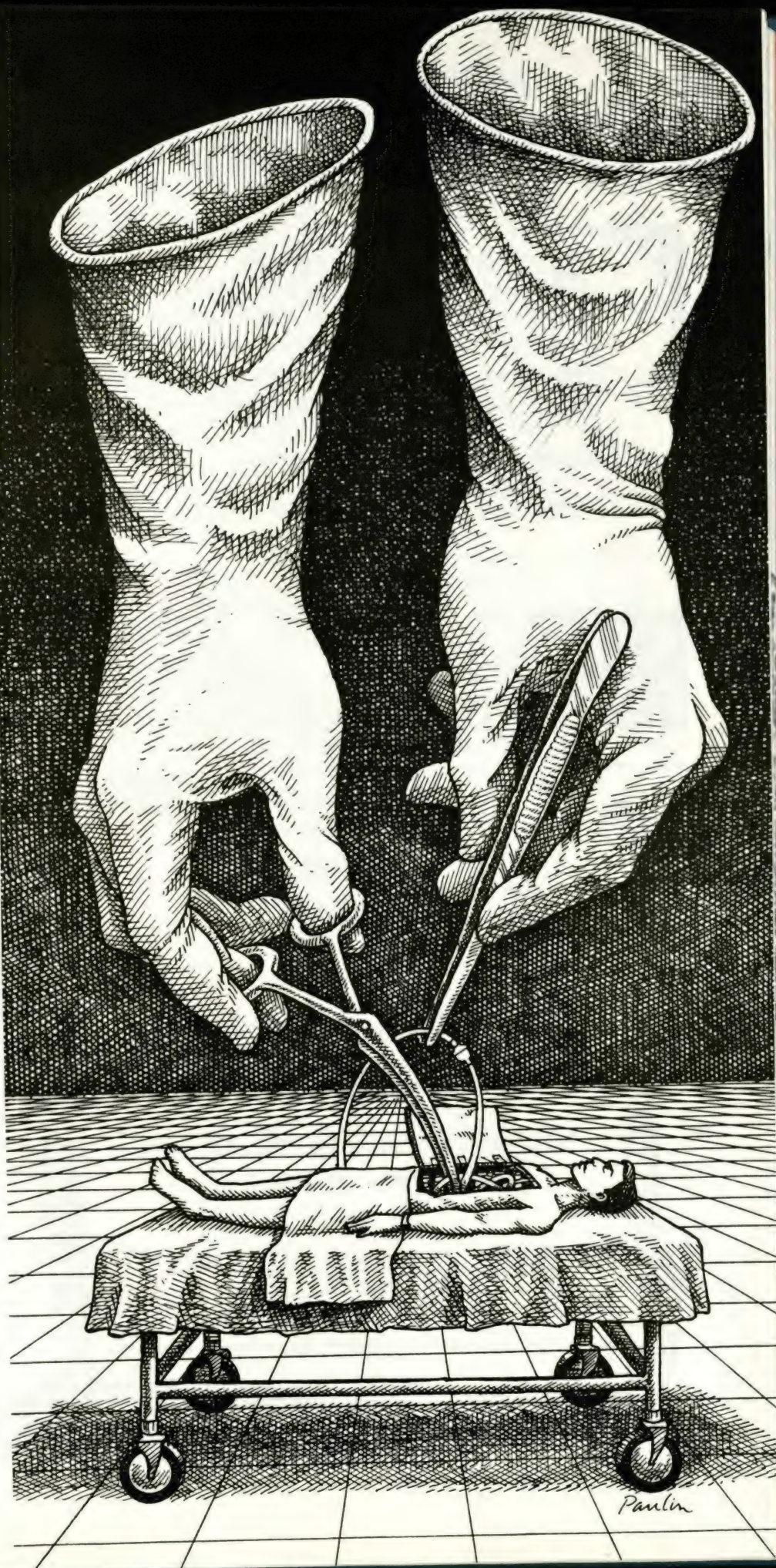
By the late 1950s, Schulte found his garage had grown into a biomedical implant facility. Fulfilling Pudenz's design specifications and suggestions, he had less and less time for watch repairs. "Those first patients showed us the technique was valid," Schulte recalls. "So from 1958 to 1960 I made a few dozen systems costing about \$50 each. It didn't seem like my work would develop into a business."

Although a surgeon in the Philadelphia area used brain shunts for his patients, Schulte's new techniques were still unknown to most of the medical world. So in 1960 he began another job—salesman. He traveled, visiting neurosurgeons to introduce the life-saving Heyer-Schulte shunts. His big breakthrough came a year later at the Neurosurgeon Congress in Mexico City. "We had so many new orders from the convention that we had to develop molds for mass production," Schulte recalls proudly.

No longer just a backyard-garage, sparetime-workshop activity, the Heyer-Schulte partnership incorporated. Unknown to its owners, it was on the verge of becoming a multifaceted, million-dollar business at the forefront of an entirely new and vital industry. That same year, in 1961, Schulte and Heyer moved their company out of Schulte's garage and into Heyer's at his new house on the Mesa.

"My eyes hurt," explains Schulte. "The smog in Los Angeles was getting worse and worse, and working with small objects intensified my eye strain. We decided to get our families out of Los Angeles and set up our new company in Santa Barbara."

Everything they tried was new. They were pioneering an industry, a technology, that paralleled the development of aerospace. And then in the mid 1960s Schulte's work evolved into another bio-



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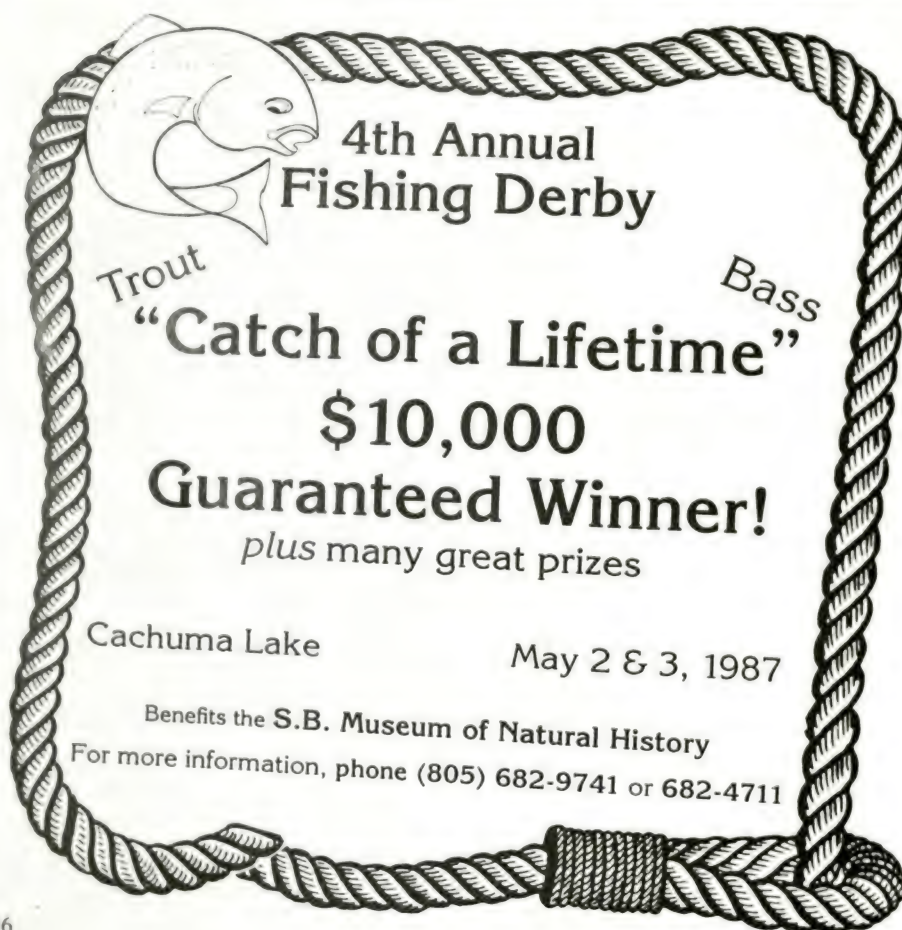
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medical area—repairing hearts. At the invitation of renowned specialist Dr. Charles A. Hufnagel, Schulte observed his first open-heart surgery.

"When Dr. Hufnagel opened the heart," Schulte recalls, "he showed me the valve that needed to be replaced. It took me two days to sculpt the valve and achieve the correct design characteristics. And it worked. I've been part of more than 50 surgeries since then, mainly because I've had to see the part in action to be able to construct the replacement."

Because of Schulte and Heyer's technology and availability, their company flourished. They could respond to surgeons' requests immediately and make products overnight. Eventually plastic surgeons and oncologists also discovered Heyer-Schulte because the Heyer-Schulte silicone materials for brain shunts were remarkably compatible with the human body.

In the United States today, one out of 11 women will develop breast cancer sometime in their lives, many facing the psychological and physical trauma of mastectomies. The medical experts asked Schulte and Heyer to apply their knowledge to making breast implants for women recovering from the surgery.

Successfully fulfilling those requests next led Heyer and Schulte into the world of cosmetic surgery. Cosmetic surgery is defined as elective surgery—the patient chooses to have the operation for non-medical reasons. In 1986 an estimated 90,000 women will have had the shape of their breasts changed through augmentation surgery utilizing silicone-breast implants. "Plastic-surgery implants," explains Schulte, "opened an entirely new area for us, and our business grew unexpectedly."

And then in 1974, the partners sold their most successful product of all, the company itself. American Hospital Supply bought the Heyer-Schulte corporation.

American hospital supply specializes in providing hospitals with everything: their new division, American Heyer-Schulte, enlarged the parent company's medical scope, adding such specialties as neurological-surgery products, wound-drainage systems, general-surgical supplies, urology products, and plastic-surgery implants.

"Look at the range of helpful products that came out of American Heyer-Schulte research," Alistair Winn says proudly. He was the engineer responsible for designing the breast-implant production line. Because of their work, people facing life-

long disfigurement or disablement now can receive "new" noses, chins, skin, foreheads, cheeks, ears, breasts, fingers, knuckles, and a variety of neurological replacements.

American Heyer-Schulte generated new jobs and millions of dollars in sales, but there were drawbacks for those working in the Santa Barbara organization. "There was an incredible group of people in those days," Winn recalls. "There was an intensity to excel that created a momentum that defied all limits. As a result, individuals within the company weren't going to listen to corporate managers who said, 'We can't do it.' People in this industry have a combination of intelligence, capability, and perseverance... qualities not necessarily given to success within the corporate structure."

As a result, within ten years of the Heyer-Schulte sale, former American Heyer-Schulte employees created more than two dozen spin-off companies busily competing with each other. "I was engineering products and developing new manufacturing methods," Winn continues, "when I realized we should be making our own silicone mixtures for our products. But the company executives said no, so I decided to leave and start my own company—Admiral Materials Corporation. Of course, I didn't count on the three years that it took before my company operated in the black."

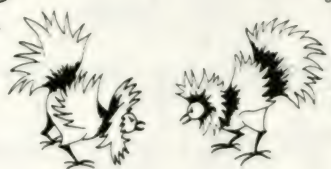
Admiral became successful because it offered a high-quality silicone material at substantial savings when compared to the prices charged by the "big guy"—Dow-Corning. Biomedical silicone originates from silica—highly crystalline sand, the same base material that is also used to produce silicon, made famous for its computer applications. Along the French seacoast heavy machinery scoops up mounds of sand that are shipped to Santa Barbara's Admiral Materials where Winn blends it with his top-secret formulas into implant compounds.

And then, in 1984, American Hospital Supply offered American Heyer-Schulte for sale, creating a storm of activity in the executive offices. "We knew they wanted to liquidate some assets to finance research and development of surgical staples, a big market item," says Ed Seder, now president of the newly formed Helix Medical. "So some of us got together and committed everything we had. Everything. And we still came up \$1 million short!"

Minnesota-based Mentor Corporation outbid them, paying \$14 million for three of American Heyer-Schulte's product lines.

"Actually the sale to Mentor worked out well for us," explains Tom Vassalo, vice president at Helix. "American Hospital still

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needed their neurology-supply components, and they had no one to produce their wound-drainage systems, so we said, 'Hey we can do this.'" And it was back to the garage. Vassalo and Seder had years of executive experience at Heyer-Schulte, but now they needed product molds and engineers. They borrowed against everything they had and rented a garage in Goleta.

In less than a year their company had sales in the millions. "We're still very much a me-too corporation," says Seder. "We're filling orders on Heyer-Schulte shunts, and now we're initiating the design and development of our own products. I'm touching on proprietary information, but these new products are in the ophthalmological area. They'll be unique in bringing relief to patients around the world."

And Mentor Corporation, the new owner of Heyer-Schulte, has continued to grow.

"I just can't stop,"
says Rudi Schulte.

"The sense of
discovery
is so real."

too. "Our tissue expander is revolutionizing plastic surgery," claims Pat Altavilla, Mentor's personnel manager. "It allows a mastectomy patient a new choice in breast reconstruction. Many women can avoid the trauma and pain of multiple surgeries since most can receive their implant during their mastectomy operation."

The tissue expander allows surgeons to move skin and tissue from one part of the body to another without complicated multiple surgeries. "It works on the principle of the body's ability to stretch and grow its own skin," Altavilla explains, "such as when a woman is pregnant."

In the process invented by Dr. Chedomir Radovan, surgeons implant an inflatable silicone bag under the skin and then gradually inflate it over several weeks. In this way, new skin and tissue are encouraged to grow in the area that will be reconstructed. Breast reconstruction, burn injuries, disfiguring scars, and eventually even male pattern baldness can be treated more easily

since the advent of Mentor's tissue expander.

Most of today's high-tech biomedical implants are assembled in "clean rooms"—antiseptic, modern-day production lines. Although not sterile, these rooms are very clean. Filtered air is forced into the rooms at four to six miles an hour, pushing dust and microscopic debris to the "dirty" end of the room. And each stage of production is regulated, monitored, checked, and approved before being passed along to the next stage.

As a result, each implant receives a lot number and its own individual reference code number. "Traceability," says Dick Ambrose, president of Santa Barbara Medco, another spin-off corporation of Schulte's work, "is *all* important. These implants go inside people's bodies, and if something goes wrong there has to be a way to discover quickly the source of the problem."

But problems seldom occur. And this year when about 600,000 patients undergo cataract eye surgery to prevent blindness, around 85 percent will receive intraocular lenses produced by such Santa Barbara companies as Surgidev Corporation, Cox Uphoff Inc., Storz Intraocular Lens Company, or McGhan Medical—all, again, Heyer-Schulte spin-offs. In today's space-age technology, these companies' amazing lenses are made from plexiglass compounds that have been specially coated to protect the patients' eyes from the sun's ultraviolet radiation.

Around the globe, medical patients are having their lives improved—and, in many cases, saved—by products created here in Santa Barbara. The companies and people may have changed over time, but their high-quality service remains the same. And Rudi Schulte, who began it all, is busy once again developing new ideas. He works with neurosurgeon and longtime friend Robert Pudenz in an office on Garden Street in downtown Santa Barbara.

"After all this time I can't just stop," Schulte says with a smile. "It would be easy to stay out on my ranch or just sail my boat, but here at work the sense of discovery is so real. And the people—the greatest reward has been the people. Can you imagine how many thousands and thousands are alive today and living healthier and better lives because of the work we began in my garage almost 30 years ago?" And that, even for the kid who roamed so imaginatively amidst the auto parts in his grandfather's garage, is wonderful to think about. ■

Jim Fitzpatrick is a free-lance writer and Montessori educator.



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VALLEY VIEWS

A Family Serengeti

IT'S A SCENE straight from the movie *Out of Africa*. Over rolling hillsides of green a herd of zebras gallops into view, their black-and-white striped coats creating a brilliant contrast to the grand backdrop. Nearby a group of delicate limbed gemsbok bend their graceful necks to drink from pools of water. Sunlight gleams off their soft dove-colored coats, which are dotted with distinct black markings. Also in view are other wild creatures, including tall, corkscrew-horned eland and the deerlike nilgai.

Exotic, yes. But this "African veldt" does not require extensive travel. It is a part of Highfield Ranch, Santa Barbara County's breeding operation for exotic hoofed animals, which is located in the hills above Los Alamos, just about 20 miles from Solvang.

Owners David and Miki Holden say the area is perfect for raising their four species of exotic animals, which have origins in Africa and Asia. "The weather is mild and the surroundings, with the rolling hills and clumps of trees, look much like their natural habitats," says David.

The Holdens consider Highfield the culmination of a long-time dream. David, an outgoing man with a warm smile for visitors and a friendly touch with his animals, is a freelance film editor and director who has worked on such projects as *The Black Stallion Returns*, *The Journey of Natty Gann* and most recently the miniseries "Amerika." He spends a lot of time in Los Angeles on business but loves the rural life. Attractive Miki, who has done some homesteading in Maine, also loves the out-of-doors. The two had long wanted to have a family farming operation and, finally in 1982, decided to raise exotic hoofed animals on the 102 acres David had bought in Los Alamos some years earlier. The choice to raise this kind of animal was made because these animals are good at putting on weight without a lot of grazing space and can make intensive use of the land. Thus, Highfield Ranch was

born, and the Holdens have lived there with their children Katie, 12, Marc, five, and Lauren, two, ever since.

The Holdens say raising the exotics is something they enjoy doing, but the ranch is a mainly commercial operation. Their goal is to eventually sell about 15 babies each year. At present their project is still in its infancy with only a handful of salable animals. The Holdens charge about the price of a well-bred horse for their zebras, approximately \$4,000 for a female and \$6,500 for a male and female pair. They charge comparable prices for their other animals. They hope that steady sales will eventually make Highfield a self-sustaining operation.

But, one might ask, just what is the market for zebras, eland, gemsbok and nilgai? David is confident there is a good one. Take the zebras, for instance. According to the Holdens, a lot of people are interested in them because they are rare and very striking.



"Owning an animal like a zebra is an aesthetic choice," David explains. "Some people like the idea of the unusual, and the idea seems to be catching on." He says he has already had interest in his animals from several different ranchers in the Santa Ynez Valley area, although this is really the first year he has animals that are old enough to sell.

In addition, the Holdens see a market in zoos and with private collectors. "There are only about 10 other commercial breeding farms in California, and quite a few private collectors buy such animals. The idea of owning an exotic is becoming more popular as more people read about them and learn how feasible it is to attain one," Miki says.

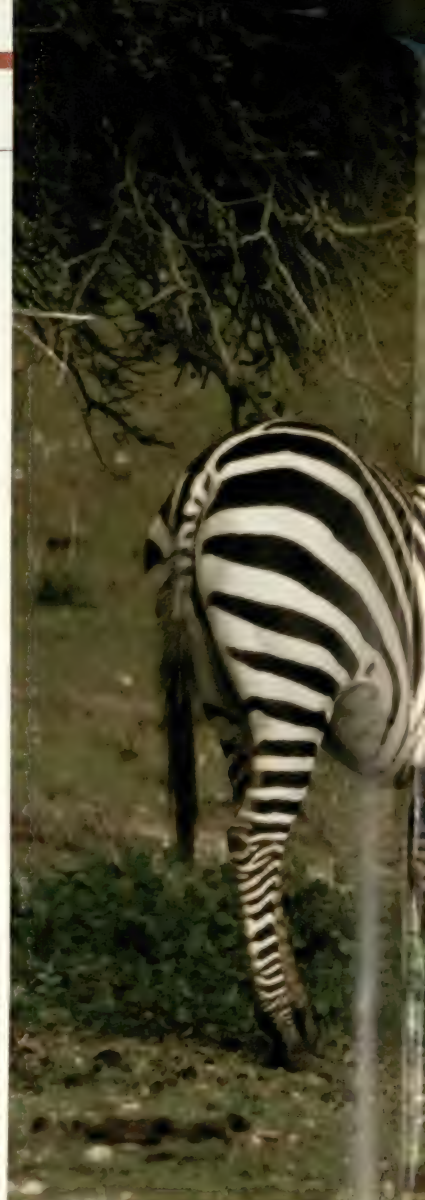
Gemsbok are perhaps the most rare of the Holdens' animals, and a collector from Oregon already has contracted to buy one of them. They are a breed of long-horned oryx native to South Africa and are considered to be in the antelope family, along with the eland—which are the biggest antelope in the world at 2,000 pounds and seven-feet

PHOTOS BY KATHIE LEDBETTER

tall at antler tip—and the nilgai, a breed of Asian antelope.

For many buyers and observers, however, the zebras are the most interesting. One zebra in particular is a main attraction for visitors. She is a frisky yearling with big brown eyes, a soft black muzzle and a mane that stands on end like a thick whisk broom. The Holdens have named her AnaKalina, and she is the friendliest baby zebra one could meet. When she sees visitors approaching her pen, she will run up and stick her nose out to give them a zebra-style kiss, which means visitors could well find a wet muzzle shoved in the crook of their arm. She loves tidbits like goat's milk or fresh grass, and if anyone walks or runs inside her pen they'd be likely to find a young zebra kicking up her heels alongside.

David explains that this particular zebra is much friendlier than most of her kin. In fact, she is quite unique. "Zebras are wild animals," David says, "and although some of ours let you pet them—some, I have heard, have been tamed for pets and even





By Kathee Ledbetter

animal and not tamable in the same way," adds David.

Raising more zebras by bottle is just one of the Holdens' goals. They also plan to cross a zebra with a horse, which they say would produce an infertile offspring. Miki is enthusiastic about the possibility. "I think we would get a very interesting animal. We would like to have the horse be a paint (a breed known for its spotted markings) so we would get an interesting color in the baby."

David points out that a few other breeders have made the cross, although this is by no means a common practice. As they understand it, such crosses are usually tamer than the zebra parent, safer to have around children and could be rideable.

Offering the Holdens a chance for some "creative experimentation," the zebra cross could become a sought-after animal. David thinks people would buy them for the novelty aspect and also for riding.

The zebra-horse cross is so uncommon at this point David says he does not think there is even an official name for them yet. Is this the start of something big? Will he perhaps be the one to give them an official moniker? "Well maybe," he laughs. "How about a zorse? A ze-horse?"

"How about a zony?," laughs Miki.

Like the zebras, David says the zebra-horse offspring would be easy to keep because they are considered in the horse family and require no special permits to own. However, for their other exotic hoofed animals special permits are required. Miki explains that this is because the others, which are considered in the cow family, could carry diseases that threaten cattle. She says two of their adult zebras came from Africa and spent a little time in quarantine, but the other species when imported from Africa had to spend their lives in a zoo and only their descendants were allowed to leave and come to Highfield Ranch.

David says all four breeds are easy to raise. "They take care of themselves, pretty much, and are more disease resistant than domestic animals," he claims. He says if any of his animals should have health problems, local veterinarians and exotic animal specialists at Davis and Moorpark are able to help.

When starting up the ranch, he consulted with a wildlife specialist and biologist, but the operation has mainly been a case of

for riding—you can't really break them like you could a domestic animal such as a horse. They are not mean but they are usually aloof and defensive."

AnaKalina became a pet somewhat by accident. When she was born, she was attacked by her father, who apparently did not know how to act around babies since he had not been raised in the wild. After this, there seemed to be no way to reunite AnaKalina with her mother.

After life-saving efforts by area veterinarians to supply the filly with colostrum from a horse, AnaKalina was raised separately from the other zebras and fed by bottle. Now, the filly acts like she is part of the Holden family.

Their experience with AnaKalina has given the Holdens an idea for raising some of their future babies. "We may separate another baby from its mother at birth, this time on purpose, and raise it by bottle," says Miki. "We have had so much interest in AnaKalina because she is so friendly, we think someone may want to buy one like

Inquisitive zebras explore their veldt-like surroundings at the 102-acre Highfield Ranch in Los Alamos (above). The Holdens feed a ranch favorite, zebra yearling AnaKalina (opposite).

her. Also, if we sell to a zoo, it might want a zebra that's easier to handle than most." And would they, perhaps, consider selling AnaKalina herself? Miki has to think about that for a moment. Well, if someone would offer her a very good home.

David points out that if they do raise more babies like AnaKalina, they will be sure the baby is not a male. "With a female it is okay," he explains. "However, when a male zebra reaches adolescence, the hormones and typical male nudging and territorial behavior could make the animal dangerous. It might think it was just being friendly, but you would have to always be on your toes because it wouldn't understand its own strength.

"People who buy a zebra should appreciate that it is not a horse. It's a wilder form of

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"learn as we go along. There is just not that much written about exotic animals," says David. That, presumably, is because they are still, at this point, somewhat of a rarity. Gazing out over his 102-acre expanse of rolling countryside, visible from the hillside vantage point of his backyard deck, David points out some of the ranch's special features he designed himself. These include water troughs made to look like natural pools and eight-foot-high fences.

For "learning on the job" the Holdens have had remarkable success. They have only lost one animal so far, due to injury. And their herd keeps growing. Their goal is to eventually have 40 adult animals and to keep selling the babies. They currently have two adult nilgai and one baby, two adult eland and one baby, two adult gemsbok, one baby and one yearling, and five adult zebras, two yearlings and three soon-to-be-born babies.

So far the Holdens have not been very aggressive in trying to sell these animals. "People have mainly found out about our ranch through word-of-mouth, although I do plan to go to an exotic animal auction in Missouri in the spring and also start some mailings to zoos," says David. He suspects that his animals may "catch on" with ranchers, wealthy celebrities and area collectors, just as llamas recently have. He thinks he will eventually be selling animals all around the country.

Miki agrees. "Once someone knows these animals are available, and actually sees one, they tend to fall in love."

Although the idea of seeing a real live zebra, gemsbok, nilgai or eland would be a special treat for any animal lover, Miki says the ranch really does not get too many visitors. "That is because it is a working ranch and we aren't licensed as a park, but occasionally someone will call ahead who wants to come see the animals; we have had several schools bring children out."

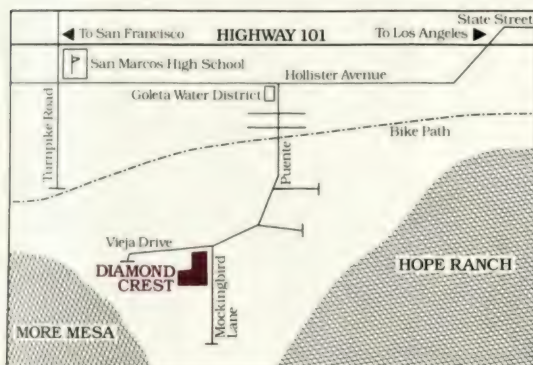
Miki says many visitors are enthralled when seeing Highfield's exotic creatures. Often this is the first time many of them have seen any of these species up close. But especially among the young visitors there tends to be a special favorite out of all the other animals. The Holdens' youngest daughter, Lauren, speaks for a host of others when asked her favorite. Her blue eyes light up and she smiles, "Nina." As visitors know, that is short for AnaKalina. And if the Holdens have their way, AnaKalina, her relatives and other pasturemates may soon become well-known in more places than just this one Los Alamos ranch. ■

Kathee Ledbetter is a free-lance writer and television broadcaster.

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RINCON RULES

By Robert Bruce Duncan

ALMOST EVERYONE KNOWS about Rincon. On the doorstep to Santa Barbara County, where the mountains meet the sea, it's a place where perfect waves and high-performance surfing give nearby freeway drivers a brief glimpse of the California Dream.

Sure, the million-dollar beach houses abut each other like sardines, and sure, a hundred surfers vie for the best waves, but it wasn't always this way. Like the rest of Santa Barbara, Rincon used to be a sleepy out-of-the-way coastal spot, with a few board-and-baton summer beach cottages and pristine, unriden waves.


Even after California discovered surfing in the early '60s, Rincon and Santa

Barbara remained out of the mainstream. Malibu and San Onofre got all the media coverage, and although there were a few pioneer surfers in Santa Barbara, they still drove down south for the "really good surf."

At first, the Rincon waves were simply too good. The early solid redwood planks they called boards were too cumbersome and slow for Rincon's fast breakers, and the hollow hardwood paddleboards that followed weren't much of an improvement. Even after the development of the balsa-wood board, nobody really noticed Rincon. Then, the story goes, pioneer surfer Gates Foss checked out Rincon on his way to San Onofre. He continued down south, but when he got there he decided the surf at San Onofre wasn't any better

than that he had left behind. He came back to try the perfect waves at Rincon.

Now Rincon is a mandatory stop on the California coast, known as having the best winter waves, and the home to more than its share of celebrity surfers. The list reads like a *Who's Who* of surfing. They are the pioneers, like Foss, and Bob Simmons, a socially inept Cal Tech grad who was the first to use meteorological principles to predict the surf. Then came the longboard artists. Men like John Bradbury, Bob Cooper, Stu Fredericks, Doc Bittleston, Jeff White—stylists who valued a smooth, seemingly effortless ride. And the girls, like Mondo's Mary and Sally Brownfield, two of the first women to ride Rincon, and Linda Merrill, Kim Mearig, a contemporary world champion, and Margo Goetz.



Generations of surfers have challenged the perfect waves at Rincon Point. Only a phenomenal few—"watermen" like Renny Yater, George Greenough and Tommy Curren—have been able to ride them all the way into legend.

Oberg, the best female surfer of all time.

There are the early shortboard riders of the late '60s, guys who made the jump from longboards, like Kemp and Denny Aaberg, the Hazzard brothers, and Australians like Bob McTavish and Nat Young, the guys who initiated high-performance surfing, shortboard style.

But the *real legends*, the talented, intelligent, intuitive few, are those who have brought it all together: Guys like Renny Yater, George Greenough and Tommy Curren—the watermen. These are the guys who in that particular Santa Barbara style have made a business out of pleasure, who integrate freedom with responsibility, living the ideal. They're in partnership with the Pacific and make their living from the sea.

GLENN DUBOCK

Tommy Curren



GREG HUGLIN



JOE MICKEY

THE CHAMPION

"THE GUY WHO WINS," Tommy Curren recites, "as the rule book says, 'executes the most radical maneuvers, on the biggest waves, closest to the curl, for the longest distance.'" Tommy interprets, "What you want to do is spontaneous, aggressive maneuvers in the power pocket and remain in control on the biggest and best waves."

At 22, Curren has the impressive build of a professional athlete, strong features

beneath his surfer's mane of tousled blond hair. He travels around the world getting paid for what the rest of the surfing world does for pleasure. So, if he seems a little serious about surfing, you have to excuse him: Tommy isn't *just* the world champion, Tommy's a pro.

Most of his buddies, the guys he grew up surfing with—starting at Miramar, moving up to Hammonds and finally down at Rincon when they got cars—surf for pleasure. They're probably finishing college now, trying to make the all-fraternity drinking team, or going to SBCC and cutting class when the surf is good.

But Tommy Curren's been on the professional surfing circuit since he turned pro in '82, so for him, getting out in the water is no longer play. And in a way, professional surfing grew and developed simultaneously with Tommy.

"Professional surfing didn't exist when I first started surfing," Tommy says. And the pro circuit didn't look too inviting when it began. "The first year they had a pro circuit was '77, and there were very few guys sustaining themselves. It didn't seem that

Winning big checks has become commonplace for Tommy (above left) since he turned pro in 1982, while his marriage to French wife Marie has sustained him on the grueling surf circuit (top). "Shredding the waves" Curren-style means a smooth, consistent execution of maneuvers like (from top right to opposite) the backside lip bash, driving off the lip and a carving slashback.

worthwhile: Endorsements for surfboards, self-promotion, picking up a few bucks here and there."

Surfboard manufacturers just didn't make enough money to sponsor surfers in a well-paid professional manner. It wasn't until the accessory manufacturers got into the picture that the waterfall of funds began. Now you've got contests like the huge Ocean Pacific (OP) Pro (Tommy's sponsor and favorite competition) in Huntington Beach, and the Foster's Pro in England, put on by the Australian beer company.

Tommy is reluctant to talk about the monetary rewards of professional surfing, but it sounds like the money is okay: "If people are wondering whether you can make a good living on the pro circuit, you can. We have a couple of condominiums, we own land in Australia, we're able to make investments, stuff like that." He figures he probably won \$40,000 to \$50,000 on the circuit last year, and "netted a hundred thousand something" from endorsements. But remember, this guy is the world champion. He's been in the Top 10 since '83-'84, and he's favored to repeat for '86-'87.

And, yes, Tommy may have had a little head start on some of the guys. Old-timers will remember Pat Curren, Tommy's father, a laconic, soft-spoken man with balls of steel, a surfer out of the old mold. Pat carved his niche in surfing history by successfully challenging Hawaii's 25-foot waves back in '62.

Tommy remembers his earliest water experiences: "Surfing with my dad, going

PHOTOS BY GREG HUGLIN





out in five-to ten-foot waves and losing our boards and having to swim in to the beach, getting caught in the rip, things like that. A lot of what I know now, I learned from him. I'm always ready to listen to what he has to say as far as ocean knowledge goes.

"But there's a lot of differences. My dad surfed 25-foot waves," Tommy says, but because nature doesn't always provide big waves for the most important contests, "I surf small waves a lot. If I had my choice, I'd never surf waves under four feet, but we surf waves under four feet a lot in competition. You can get a lot of speed out of a three-foot wave, but I wouldn't go out unless there's a reason for it."

Once he is in the water surfing in a contest, Tommy is forced constantly to decide whether to take off or wait for a better wave. "The ocean is such a variable, you can't really count on getting four good rides to the beach. It's important to get a good rhythm so you're not just sitting there looking at the birds fly by."

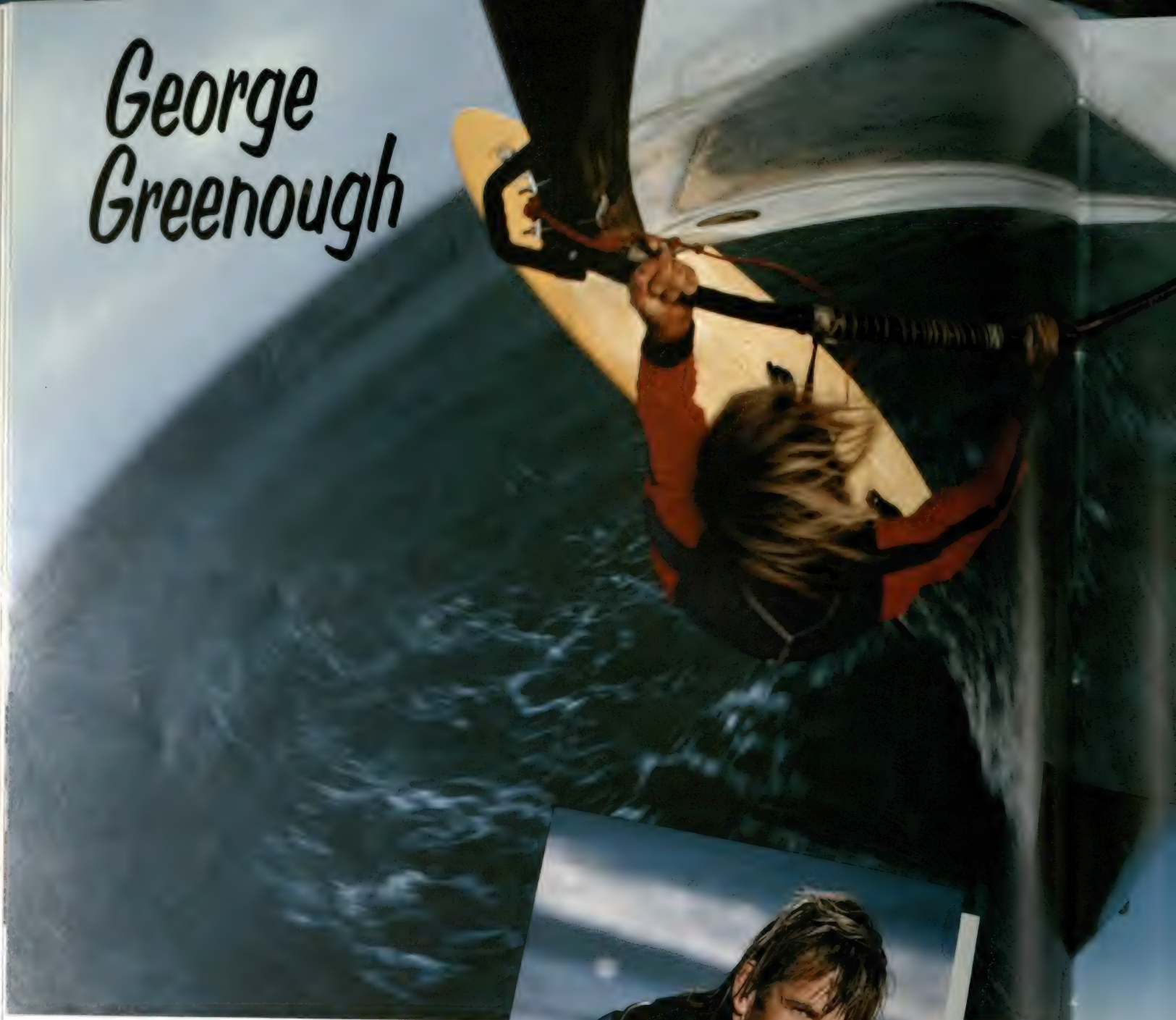
Back at home, Tommy still likes to surf Rincon. You'd expect everyone else in the water to defer to the world champion, but he says nobody gives him any waves. Listen to his comic description of mayhem at the

point: "Rincon's a really easy place to take off, so you've got a big pack of guys right on the takeoff. When a set comes through the cove, five maybe six guys take off on the same wave and ride along. One by one, some fall off, some collide, some are having a fistfight along the way...it ends up being two guys, then the last part of the wave, one guy has it to himself. Fortunately, the last part of the wave is usually the best."

Despite the crowds, the rules, the necessity to perform, life is good for the World's Professional Surfing Champion. He doesn't have a manager (he books most of his own flights), and since April '83, he's been married to Marie Delanne Curren, an attractive French woman who travels with him and helps him practice French. His sponsors, OP and Rip Curl, provide him with his always-stylish surf apparel, his picture is on what seems to be every other page of the surf magazines, and Al Merrick at Channel Islands keeps him in boards. If he needs a new car, he'll probably win one in a contest.

So ask him if surfing is work. "It certainly isn't," Tommy insists. "I'm real serious about my career, but I don't go out there like it's my job or something. I really enjoy it. A lot of kids today, their first image is success in competition, and I don't think they enjoy it as much. I surfed for 10 years before I entered a contest, and I thought, 'This is the next step in my progression,' not a goal. I didn't go out to become the top of the world. I surf because it's fun."

George Greenough



THE INNOVATOR


ALMOST NOBODY would recognize George Greenough as the son of an old-Montecito family. Sporting a self-inflicted haircut reminiscent of the medieval bowl cut, well-worn jeans with knee holes, feet that appear never to have experienced the confines of shoes and blue eyes somewhere between shy and mischievous, George Greenough has the appearance of a man who lives life on his own terms. First scoffed at, then begrudgingly admired, Greenough has an almost mythic reputation, larger than life.

Back in the '60s when everyone else



GREG HUGLIN

GEORGE GREENOUGH



was fighting the crowds at Rincon, a sort of surfing ghost story was circulating about this weird guy who could be seen riding the point on an inflatable mattress around midnight—an eerie scene when he was lit up by a full moon. The same guy was also seen halibut fishing, but instead of using a boat, he would paddle out on a surf mat and fish from that. If he hooked a big halibut, the story goes, instead of fighting the fish with the rod and reel, this guy would throw his floating fishing rod overboard. Most heretical of all, some said that the *truly* impressive wave carving at Rincon was not a hot ride by John Bradbury or Andy Neumann or Doc Bittleston or Stu Fredericks, all on longboards, but this weird Greenough guy on his air mattress.

"The professional's opinion on air mattress style," Greenough says, with a sly smile, "is that you catch a wave, and surf sideways to the beach."

In the '60s, when George was surfing Rincon almost every day, there were lots of "professional" opinions. Andy Neumann, a Santa Barbara architect, one of the few to stick with the smooth surfing style of the longboards, remembers: "George would be out there with his air mattress or kneeboard, and nobody took him seriously. Then he went to Australia, and when he came back

guys like Nat Young and Bob McTavish came with him. They had seen the kind of high-performance wave slashing Greenough practiced with the kneeboard, making sections and riding waves they couldn't make with their longboards. They cut a couple of feet off their boards." In '67, Nat Young won the World Contest on a shortboard, and Greenough's contribution to the evolution of surfing became history.

When he tired of designing off-the-wall surf vehicles, George put his unique imagination to work at surf photography. Next time you see a TV advertisement featuring in-the-surf photography or 12-meter yachts or icecubes splashing into soft drinks, chances are good that if the footage wasn't shot by Greenough, whoever shot it used techniques Greenough pioneered in the early '60s.

"Find a machine and improve on it," is the Greenough approach, and how he tackled surf photography. He used knowledge gained in his metal-shop classes at Santa Barbara High to make and perfect underwater housings for motion-picture cameras. When he built a camera backpack that allowed him to shoot from a dolphin's-eye view deep in the tube of the wave, the whole perspective of surf photography changed. Now, only *rookie* surf photographers sit with the girls on the beach, shooting with behemoth, "hero" telephoto lenses sitting on tripods. The *real* surf photographers are in the water, surfing or taking their chances as surfers cut by, missing them by inches.

If you see Greenough surfing nowadays, and he's not on a wind surfer, chances are pretty good he'll be riding one of his specially designed and constructed air mattresses. They only weigh about a pound. "The air mattress is a very sophisticated surfing vehicle," George claims, "because you have an infinite variety of shapes you can get out of it. The inflation can be juggled for how big the surf is, and in a bottom turn you can squeeze to give yourself a

Continued on page 64

A backpack-mounted 35mm camera was devised to capture the thrill of windsurfing at "warp speed" off the coast of Freemantle, Australia (left). In another Greenough experiment, a camera was mast-mounted to document wave jumping off Lennox Head, Australia (above left). Back home at Leadbetter Beach, George is caught in an uncharacteristic relaxed pose (far left).

Renny Yater



B&W PHOTOS COURTESY SURFER MAGAZINE

THE WATERMAN

IF THE HOLLYWOOD guys had to dream up a character to epitomize the old-time Southern California surfer, they couldn't do much better than 54-year-old Reynolds Yater. With blue eyes smiling out from underneath weather-beaten, slightly lazy eyelids, in a face dominated by a strong, hawklike nose, Renny, as everyone calls him, is as close as anyone comes to being the father of surfing in Santa Barbara.

To a thousand local surfers, and more up and down the coast, Renny Yater is the

At Rincon in the early '70s (top), or at the Hollister Ranch in the pre-spoon days of the early '60s (above), Renny Yater was the paradigm of classic surfing. Today, he's more likely to ride the waves aboard his New England lobster boat, the New Wave (left).

GREG HUCLIN

guy who built their first board. His seemingly effortless, smooth, longboard style was, for many years, the paradigm of local longboard wave riding, and the Yater 'Spoon' was the ultimate in longboard construction. With Don 'Doc' Bittleston, he helped to open the Hollister Ranch Surf Club, a hitherto off-limits surf paradise, to 100 lucky club members. And now that the younger surfers are no longer intimidated by peer pressure, and guys can show up with a longboard and not get laughed off the beach, Yater is, with the help of his son Loren, making shortboards, longboards and all the lengths in between.

Thirty-five years ago, Yater divided his time between surfing, commercial fishing and shaping surfboards, pretty much what he does today.

Renny Yater was surfing long before the media picked up the sport and popularized it with their *Beach Blanket Gidget* hype. He grew up on the beach at Laguna, and although he spent his high school years in Pasadena, his real surf apprenticeship was at Trestles, near San Onofre.

When he moved up here, "there weren't many local surfers." Santa Barbara was still a small coastal town, with not a lot of young people, and "when you came up, you knew 75 percent of the guys. On a good day at Rincon there'd be 15 to 18 guys in the water, and you might know them all," Yater reflects. All this was *before* the big housing crunch, so when Yater and his buddies were looking for a place to live, "I rented a two-bedroom place in Montecito for \$110 a month; it was the servants' quarters to a big mansion. There were plenty of them, you had your choice." But it really didn't matter anyway, because, Yater reminisces, "I can remember coming up and surfing Rincon and sleeping overnight in an empty lot. There were lots of vacant lots then, too, nobody cared."

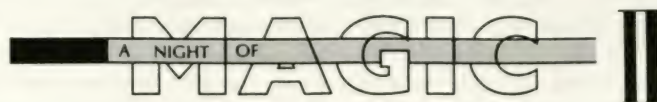
Although he says he originally moved to Santa Barbara in '59 to go lobster fishing, the good waves did have a little influence. "Rincon is a very old river mouth, with a shallow bottom and typical rocks. Yes, that was one of the things that brought me up here, the quality of the waves."

Which was exactly what Yater's Santa Barbara Surf Shop began building boards for: Quality Santa Barbara waves. Yater may be best known for the 'Spoon,' perhaps the ultimate longboard. "My idea to

Continued on page 64

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exchange. We all love to compete, but it's friendly competition, not stressful. A regatta is as much an opportunity to get together with friends as it is to race."

FISA oversees Masters rowing competition worldwide. It sponsors the National Championships in late summer and the World Championships in September. In addition to the championship regattas, dozens of smaller competitions take place throughout the United States. California has four major regattas that include Masters events: Head of the American in Sacramento; Head of the Estuary in Berkeley; Head of the Harbor in Los Angeles; and the San Diego Crew Classic. Both men and women race in age categories ranging from 27 to over 60.

The competition in the men's events is tougher because of the greater number of entrants and the fact that rowing has been a traditionally male sport. Masters rowing for women is just picking up momentum, so the possibility to become a world-class rower in the women's categories is wide open. Frequently, crews are made up of individuals from different areas. At least one world class four is comprised of four men from four different states.

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The race was over—six minutes had gone by from start to finish. Beyond the finish line the boats continued to glide, oars resting on the surface. In three of the boats the oarsmen sat crumpled over their knees like marionettes whose strings had been cut.

The fourth crew's boat drifted apart from the others. The adrenaline rush of victory kept their exhaustion at bay as they raised clenched fists to the sky and grinned widely. Look out California, Santa Barbara is ready to row.

INTERESTED IN ROWING? Contact Betsy Zumwalt, Santa Barbara Rowing Club rowing coordinator for answers to any questions you may have. She can be reached at the UCSB Athletic Department (805) 961-2122, or at home (805) 1-688-6698. Zumwalt teaches weekend clinics at the UCSB lagoon one weekend every month from 9 a.m. to noon. Call ahead for exact dates.

A new contributor to our pages, Patricia Grescher-Nedry lives in the Santa Ynez Valley.



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Chefs

Eight of Santa Barbara's Best Share Recipes for Fresh Summer Fare

By James Driggers

*Photography by
Jürgen Hilmer*

Culinary comrades decked out in their professional whites (from left): Tom Hanson, Mark Huston, Guy Bergounhous, Wendy Little, Norbert Shulz, John Downey, Jeff McClelland. Not pictured: Michael Hutchings.

Our congratulations and thanks to Chef McClelland, who appeared at our photo session just two hours after the birth of his first child.

For the photographs on the following pages, we asked the chefs to wear clothing that best expresses their personalities.

IN THE RUSH TO CREATE A California cuisine, the innovative style that uses fresh and simple ingredients to produce light and tasteful dishes, Santa Barbara has kept pace with San Francisco and Los Angeles. A steady growth and marked change in the character of Santa Barbara dining has occurred over the past several years. The city has developed an international reputation for quaint, picturesque restaurants offering novel, memorable meals. Santa Barbarans can enjoy meals at such formal dining rooms as Michael's Waterside Inn or Norbert's, or they can dine at informal eateries like the casual Montecito Cafe or the bistro-like Wine Cask. Santa Barbara's wide variety of restaurants and its association with the increasingly popular Santa Ynez Valley wines are earning the city a reputation in the world of haute cuisine.

Santa Barbara and its restaurants are blessed with a bountiful variety of fresh and unique food items grown and produced locally. The Santa Barbara Channel has always yielded fresh shrimp, swordfish, and mussels, and now fisheries cultivate oysters and abalone there. Goat cheese is produced in Atascadero, squab is raised in Carpinteria, and rabbit in Paso Robles. In addition, wild mushrooms and fresh herbs have become increasingly available as nearby farmers discover the market for those items.

A great deal of credit for Santa Barbara's culinary style goes to the chefs who reside here and who put their personalities into imaginative and exciting dishes. Their mutual support and camaraderie are uncommon in their competitive profession. Most know each other, many have worked together, one was even a financial backer for a "rival" restaurant.

We asked eight of the area's best-known and most respected chefs to present recipes that capture the flavor of summer in Santa Barbara. Although the dishes differ in style and presentation, all the recipes demonstrate their creators' dedication to making meals extraordinary. ►

A regular contributor, James Driggers is a playwright and an excellent cook.

Edible Flower Salad with Scallop Mousseline

(Serves 8)

Vinaigrette

- 2 tablespoons ginger juice
(see instructions below)
- 1½ tablespoons orange honey
- 7 tablespoons lime juice
- 1½ cups hazelnut oil
- 1 tablespoon green peppercorns, crushed
- ½ teaspoon salt

Mousseline

- 8 oz. fresh scallops
- 4 oz. fresh, firm, white-fleshed fish
(such as sole, halibut, turbot)
- 1 egg white
- 3 to 3½ cups heavy cream
- ½ tablespoon Cointreau
- ½ teaspoon orange zest, minced finely
- pinch of salt
- white pepper to taste

Flower Salad

- zest, julienned, from one orange
- 24 slightly opened day lilies
- 1 quart hibiscus, pansies, nasturtiums,
violets, and chive blossoms (or other
seasonal edible flowers), washed, dried,
trimmed, and loosely packed

To obtain ginger juice, peel the ginger and grate on the fine blade of a food mill or by hand. Place gratings in a clean towel and squeeze out 2 tablespoons of the juice.

Place ginger juice, honey, and lime juice in a small saucepan and warm gently to dissolve the honey. Transfer the mixture to a small mixing bowl. Pour in the hazelnut oil in a thin stream, whisking to blend. Add the green peppercorns and salt. Taste, and adjust seasoning if necessary.

Purée the scallops, white-fleshed fish, and egg white in a food processor until very smooth. Push the purée through a drum sieve or a fine strainer, and then place the purée in a bowl on ice and chill well.

Whisk about ½ cup of the heavy cream into the purée. Using a spatula, fold in the remaining cream a little at a time. Add the Cointreau and the ½ teaspoon minced orange zest. Season the mousseline carefully.

Test the mousseline by poaching a little in hot salted water. (Do not let the water boil.) The mousseline should be light and delicate without falling apart. The amount of cream necessary will vary with the types of scallops and fish used. Too much cream will soften the mousseline, and too little will stiffen it.

Using a swivel-blade peeler, remove the zest from the orange, being careful not to include any of the bitter white pith with the zest. Blanch the zest for 30 seconds in boiling water. Drain and dry on absorbent paper towels. Cut the strips of zest into very, very thin julienne. Set aside to use as a final garnish on the salad.



Michael Hutchings ■ Michael's Waterside Inn

IF MICHAEL'S WATERSIDE INN has a reputation as one of the city's classically oriented restaurants, that is just fine with Chef Michael Hutchings. "You can't escape your training, your background, your roots," he says.

Hutchings' roots lie in the traditions of Escoffier, and he has close ties to Albert and Michel Roux of Le Gavroche. After serving as chef for the executive dining room at Disneyland, Hutchings was accepted as an apprentice at Le Gavroche in England. His talent led to a culinary tour of Europe and to an offer from the

Roux brothers to back him in a restaurant of his own here in Santa Barbara.

Today, Hutchings sees his own personal style as integral to his "modern French" approach to cooking. "It's not so much revolutionary as it is evolutionary," he says, "infusing your distinctive character and personality into classic techniques."

Michael Hutchings cites his popular flower salad with scallop mousseline as an example. "This dish would be considered by many to be very *nouvelle*, very typically California cuisine; however, you can find the origins of this same type of food in Roman cooking."

Using a piping bag fitted with a star tip, fill the day lilies with the mousseline and place on a buttered steamer tray. Cover and steam for 4 to 5 minutes, or until the mousseline is firm to the touch.

Meanwhile, gently toss the flower petals in the vinaigrette, being careful not to bruise them.

To finish, arrange the petals attractively on a plate.

Place three stuffed day lilies per serving on top of the flower petals. Glaze the lilies with a bit more of the vinaigrette. Sprinkle the blanched and julienned orange zest on the salads.

Note: You can use mousselines to make many other preparations, such as sausages, stuffings, fish terrines, and various garnishes. The mousseline keeps for two days in a very cold refrigerator.

NORBERT SHULZ BEGAN cooking in his native Germany when he was just fourteen years old. Eventually, after three years of apprenticeship and seven years' experience, he earned the title Master Chef.

Shulz's success has resulted from talent, hard work, and good timing. After spending time in Los Angeles and Seattle, Shulz moved here in 1982 with partner Brigitte Guehr in the hope of opening a restaurant. "I had only \$5,000 to start a business," he says. "Not very much, but more money than I had ever had. I figured I might never have that much again, so I didn't mind risking it." After a little negotiating, he and Guehr found the right property, and he was off. "At first, we would pay the vendors daily from the previous night's receipts; for-

tunately, business was steady enough to keep us going."

Today, Shulz's domain includes the restaurant that bears his name, as well as Brigitte's and Oysters. Shulz calls his namesake a "special occasion" restaurant, a peaceful dining room offering dishes that are harmonious in taste and visual beauty.

Norbert Shulz and Brigitte Guehr are also attempting to give back to Santa Barbara a part of what they have gained. "Brigitte and I try to lend our support to other capable chefs who are trying to get started but who don't have the name yet. We were very fortunate." Does the thought of increased competition in the local market worry him? "Not at all. If I go out and have a wonderful dinner, that does not threaten me—it teaches me."

Norbert Shulz ■ Norbert's



Santa Barbara Abalone Salad

(Serves 6)

- 4 bunches arugula
- 3 bunches watercress (leaves only)
- ½ pound mâche (a salad green available locally)
- 6 2-3 oz. pink abalone steaks dipped in flour and egg

Dressing

- 2 egg yolks
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅓ cup rice vinegar
- ½ cup corn oil
- ¼ cup dark sesame oil
- ½ cup toasted sesame seeds

Wash and dry greens; keep separate.

Combine and beat lightly egg yolks, sugar, salt, rice vinegar. Add slowly the corn and sesame oils until rich and creamy. Add cayenne pepper and ground black pepper to taste. Just before tossing the salad, add ½ cup toasted sesame seeds.

To serve, place arugula leaves on plates, toss watercress and mâche with dressing; place on top of arugula. Sauté abalone in very hot corn oil or butter 5-10 seconds or until browned on each side. Cut abalone into strips and place on top of salad. Serve when abalone is still warm.

Roast Squab with Fresh Thyme and Garlic

(Serves 6)

Preparing the Squab

6 squab, about one pound each
garlic salt, black pepper, and thyme to taste
24 garlic cloves, peeled

Remove giblets from squab and cut off wings. Keep giblets and wings for the stock. Use enough garlic salt, black pepper, and fresh thyme to season the squab cavities evenly. Put 4 garlic cloves inside each cavity, and truss each bird to seal cavity.

Making Squab Stock

12 squab wings
giblets (do not use livers)
1 onion, blackened (see instructions below)
1 carrot
1 stalk celery
1 leek
1 cup white wine
4 bay leaves
1 teaspoon each thyme and marjoram
½ teaspoon anise
6 juniper berries
2 quarts veal stock

Brown squab bones and giblets in corn oil. Use chicken bones as needed to supplement squab bones and enrich stock.

Cut onion into ½" chunks and cook in dry sauté pan until blackened. To bones and giblets add carrot, celery, leek, and blackened onion. Brown mixture a bit longer. Pour off grease, add white wine, bay leaves, thyme, marjoram, anise, and juniper berries. Cook for a few more minutes. Transfer all ingredients to a large pot and add veal stock. Simmer for several hours and reduce by half. Strain and set aside.

Roasting and Serving the Squab

hard cider
3 bunches mustard greens
simple vinaigrette (3 parts oil, 1 part vinegar,
1 tablespoon dijon mustard,
salt and pepper to taste)

Season trussed birds and brown on all sides in a sauté pan. Allow to cool. Roast for approximately 15 minutes at 400°F until meat is pink or medium. Allow to rest.

Remove the whole garlic cloves from each squab and sauté cloves in the same pan until brown. Pour off the grease into another larger pan. Deglaze the garlic pan with a little hard cider and reduce. Add 3 ounces of squab stock per bird and reduce by half. Add a little chopped fresh thyme.

Sauté mustard greens in the large pan until limp. Add a bit of simple vinaigrette. Arrange the greens in the centers of plates and add a bit more simple vinaigrette to each serving of greens.

Cut the meat away from the carcasses, slice and arrange around the greens. Reserve all the juices that are released while carving, and pour juices over squab servings. Garnish with fresh thyme sprigs.

JOHN DOWNEY HOLDS A place of honor among local chefs and restaurateurs, for most credit him with bringing *nouvelle cuisine* to Santa Barbara.

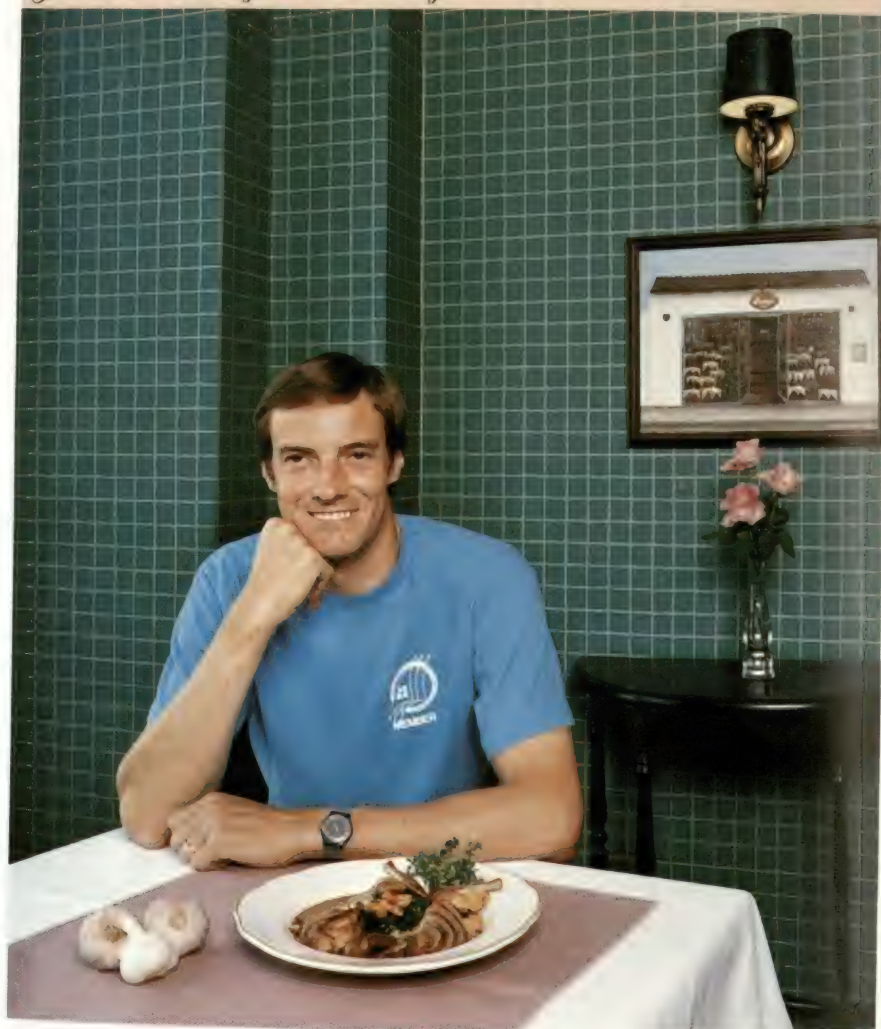
Downey began his training at Brookland's, a catering college in his native England. After graduation, he served five years with the Cunard Lines, working as a chef on the Queen Elizabeth II. In 1972, Downey left Cunard for New York's LaFayette, a restaurant steeped in French tradition. His training there won him a spot as *sous-chef* in the World Trade Center's Market Dining Rooms, where a new style of cooking was developing—a process of creating new dishes bound not to the formula French cuisine, but to an emphasis on

American dishes and innovation.

With the opening of Penelope's in 1979, Downey was given 100 percent creative control over the menu. "At that time," he says, "Santa Barbara was really a steak-and-lobster town, and Penelope's was trying so many new and unusual ideas. But people were willing to give us a chance. Not everything succeeded, but that was still part of the process."

Now, as chef of his own restaurant, Downey continues to see the process at work in his food. He seeks not to disguise a dish, but rather to enhance it by simplifying, contrasting, harmonizing. "When you come right down to it," he says, "the one common denominator for all good food is that you must care about it."

John Downey ■ Downey's





Wendy Little ■ San Ysidro Ranch

WHILE STILL A student at UCSB in 1976, Wendy Little went to work at the San Ysidro Ranch as a breakfast cook. Eventually, she worked her way up to the kitchen's top position. "It was a time of transition for me," she says. "I was considering going back to college for my graduate degree in business." The Ranch management, however, offered her another option—a year's study at La Varenne in France if, upon her return, she would resume her post as head chef.

As a resort hotel, the San Ysidro Ranch offers Chef Little a distinct challenge. "I must be able to produce really high-end, high-quality specials because our clientele is extremely well-traveled and sophisticated. At the same time, I must be open to a young person who wants a hamburger for dinner, or to a room service order for tuna salad." One item she favors on the menu is mussels, harvested locally from the oil derricks by a Santa Barbara firm. "The key," she believes, "is to avoid over-processing the food—and the freshest, highest-quality ingredients are a must."

Mesquite-Grilled Mussels with Roasted Red Peppers and Corn Vinaigrette

(Serves 4)

30 mussels
1½ cups white wine
1 teaspoon garlic, chopped
¼ cup shallots, chopped

Clean and debeard mussels. Place in a heavy-bottomed pan and cover with white wine, garlic, and shallots. Cover and steam over high heat until mussels open. Discard any unopened mussels.

When mussels are cool enough to handle, remove the meat from the shells and thread on four 6" skewers. Place mussels on grill and warm for 4-5 minutes to give them a mesquite flavor. When mussels are hot, remove skewers from grill and brush mussels with the sauce.

Sauce

2 red peppers
2 ears corn, unshucked
½ cup good olive oil
3 tablespoons balsamic vinegar
1 clove garlic, minced
juice of one lemon
salt to taste
black peppercorns, coarsely cracked, to taste

Char red peppers over the flame until skins are blistered and black. Place peppers in a plastic bag and allow them to sweat for 5 minutes. Peel skins and remove seeds. Cut into julienne strips. Lay the unshucked ears of corn over the coals and cook for about 20 minutes, turning every so often. Shuck the corn and remove kernels with a sharp knife. Mix corn and red peppers with the remaining sauce ingredients.

**Santa Barbara
Ridgeback Shrimp
with Red Pepper Linguini
and Cilantro Beurre Blanc**

(Serves 4)

- 3 cups white wine
- 1/2 cup white wine vinegar
- 1/2 cup shallots, finely chopped
- 1/2 cup heavy cream
- 1 pound butter, quartered
- 1 bunch fresh cilantro, finely chopped
- 2 pounds ridgeback shrimp, peeled and deveined
- salt and white pepper to taste
- 1/2 each of yellow, red, and green peppers, julienned
- 1/4 pound fresh linguini

Reduce white wine, wine vinegar, and shallots over medium heat until 1/2 cup remains. Add cream and cook until thickened. Whisk in butter, piece by piece, until all is incorporated. Strain butter through fine sieve. Combine with cilantro in blender for 15-30 seconds. Return sauce to stove and keep warm.

Sauté shrimp salt and white pepper. Sauté julienne of yellow, red, and green peppers separately.

Cook pasta until *al dente*.

To serve, ladle 2-4 oz. sauce into bowls or plates with slightly raised edges. Place linguini in center of sauce and arrange shrimp and pepper on top, allowing 10-12 shrimp per person. Garnish with cilantro.



Tom Hanson ■ Wine Cask

TOM HANSON HAS grown up with the *nouvelle cuisine* tradition. At twenty-four, Hanson is one of the youngest chefs in Santa Barbara. Even so, he already has over eight years experience, including a lengthy apprenticeship at Harrah's in Reno and a period when he served as *sous-chef* at the Quail Lodge in Carmel. Raised in the Santa Barbara area, Hanson did not begin working in town until the Sheraton Hotel asked him to open Zack's at the Beach.

Currently chef at the Wine Cask, he sees his position as an opportunity to develop his

talent for combining wine and food. His job requires him to create new dishes paired with particular vintages, using the subtlety of individual wines to flavor the food. Even though his exposure has been to modern cuisine, his techniques still incorporate the classic. "These techniques have endured because they have proven to be the best," he says. "It's a happy marriage."

His fresh tomato pasta with local ridgeback shrimp in cilantro cream typifies the *nouvelle* philosophy of pleasing both eye and palate. "The idea is to get a mental picture from the plate as to what the dish will taste like."

GUY AND JEANINE Bergounhoux of the Chalkboard arrived in Santa Barbara almost by chance. After a rigorous formal training in France and at Le Gavroche in England, Chef Bergounhoux worked at Le Cygne in New York before moving to the Santa Ynez Valley to open the Los Olivos Grand Hotel. That venture proved unsuccessful, but Bergounhoux earned a reputation as a new local chef to watch.

Instead of opening a new restaurant, he

bought an existing Santa Barbara restaurant, and added his personality as the finishing touch. "I like to make good food without formality," Bergounhoux states. "You might call it Provençal cooking with American ingredients."

In an effort to keep his food available to the general population, Guy Bergounhoux emphasizes the basics, making his own bread and pasta doughs as well as smoking his own salmon. Many of the herbs Bergounhoux uses come from his own garden.



Grilled Swordfish with Papaya, Mint & Green Chile Salsa

(Serves 6)

- 2 fresh papayas, diced roughly
- 1 small red onion, diced
- ½ cup green chiles, chopped
- ½ cup fresh mint, chopped
- ¼ cup fresh lemon or lime juice
- ¼ cup olive oil
- 6 fresh swordfish steaks

Combine first six ingredients in glass bowl; let salsa stand overnight in refrigerator.

Grill swordfish steaks over charcoal or mesquite until just cooked through. Top with salsa.

Guy Bergounhoux ■ The Chalkboard



Grilled Rabbit with Fresh Plum Dipping Sauce

(Serves 4-6)

- 1 fresh, young rabbit, 2½-3 lbs.,
cut into 4-6 pieces

Marinade

- 2 cups plum wine or ruby port
1 peeled garlic clove
2 peeled shallots
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon black pepper
1 tablespoon juniper berries
6-8 sprigs fresh thyme
or 1 teaspoon dried thyme
1 cup olive oil

Purée marinade in blender. Place rabbit pieces in a bowl or pan and cover with marinade. Refrigerate overnight.

Fresh Plum Sauce

- 1 dozen fresh plums, pitted
1 cup plum wine (available in Oriental markets) or ruby port
½ cup chicken stock
1 shallot, peeled and chopped
2 teaspoons fresh, chopped thyme or
1 teaspoon dried thyme
1 teaspoon butter
salt and pepper to taste

In a saucepan, melt butter and sauté shallots until soft. Add pitted plums, then stir in wine and chicken stock. Cook until plums are soft, then purée mixture in blender. Pass sauce through a fine strainer. Add chopped thyme, and season with salt and pepper.

Grill rabbit pieces over a charcoal fire. Remember that front and hind leg pieces will take the longest to cook, but do not over-grill, or meat will be dry.

Arrange rabbit pieces on a platter with the plum dipping sauce in a bowl in the center. Garnish with sprigs of fresh thyme and thin slices of fresh plums.

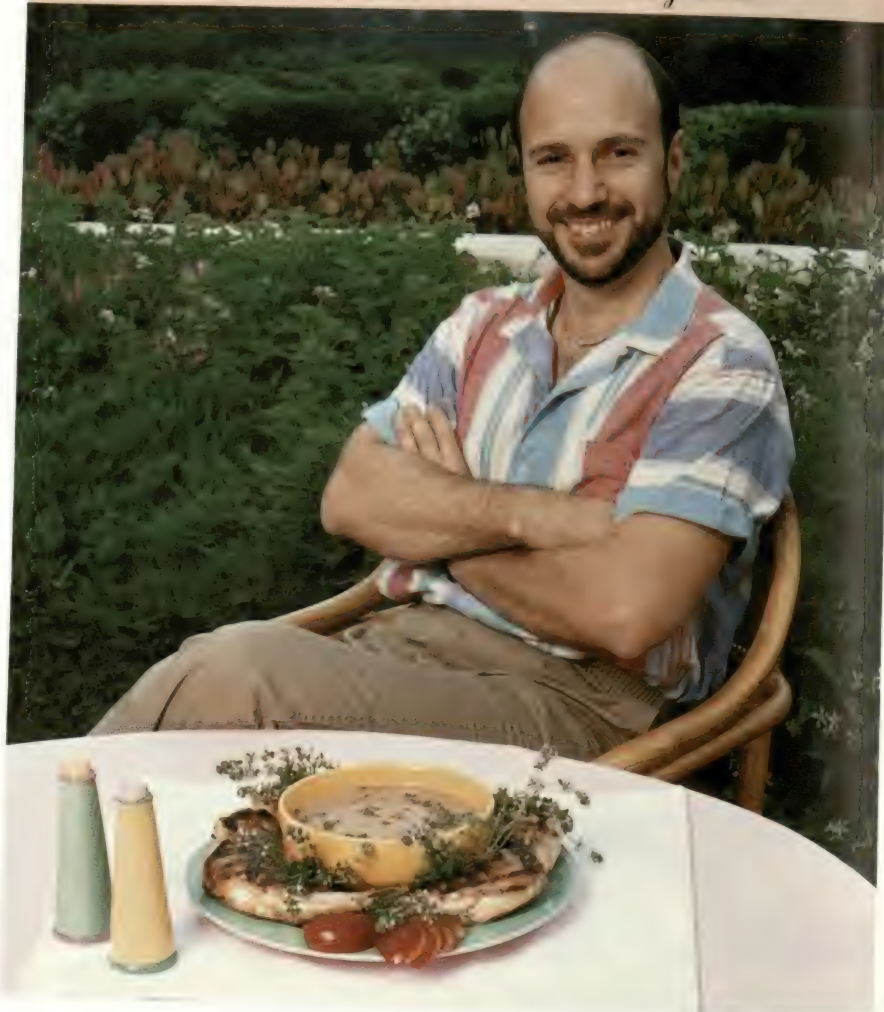
JEFF MCCLELLAND MAKES a distinction between his past experience as a restaurant chef and his present position as executive chef at La Cumbre Country Club. "In a typical restaurant, the clientele know beforehand what type of food to expect," he says, "and can make a choice whether or not this is the type of food they want to eat. In the environment of a private club, the clientele have more of a voice in the style of food." Still, aside from traditional brunches, receptions, and golfers' lunches, McClelland's à la carte menus reflect his own personal style, and they have doubled in popularity since he began working at the country club.

McClelland graduated from the Culinary Institute of America in New York and was

chef at the Thunderhead Inn in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, before relocating to Santa Barbara. He became John Downey's *sous-chef* at Penelope's, eventually taking over the top spot when Downey left to open his own restaurant. "Working with John really opened my eyes to what food could be. I had the background, but we were creating, experimenting, trying new ideas continually. There was a real emotional response to the food."

In 1983 McClelland left Penelope's for the Wine Cask, where he established his reputation as a local chef of note. That reputation followed him to the La Cumbre Country Club in 1986. He continues to be a popular customer at the Farmers' Market, searching for the best and freshest herbs and produce from the area.

Jeff McClelland ■ La Cumbre Country Club





Mark Huston ■ The Montecito Cafe

IF A CATCH PHRASE could be applied to Mark Huston, it might be "spontaneous combustion." Few restaurants have opened with the snap of success that the Montecito Cafe has enjoyed. Mark and his wife Margaret assure us, however, that its success did not happen overnight.

In 1979, both Hustons graduated from the California Culinary Academy in San Francisco. They spent two years in Jamaica, where they operated a restaurant. When the two returned home to California, Mark first worked for the San Ysidro Ranch, then for Norbert's, and eventually took charge of the kitchen at Brigitte's, where he built up a regular and loyal following. His time was well spent. "It was a chance for us to learn the feel of the city, the

tastes of the clientele, the California style," Mark notes. "That is why I think it is much more difficult for a restaurateur from out of the area just to come in, open a restaurant, and expect it to be successful. Santa Barbara is a special place—you have to understand the city."

Typically, Huston plans his restaurant's offerings late in the afternoon, modifying menus to include what is fresh and available. To create memorable sauces, he improvises, aiming for the most unique possible taste combinations.

Huston adapted his goat cheese pancakes from a family recipe. The goat cheese adds both mild flavor and moistness to the distinctive appetizer or brunch entrée. ■

Our thanks to Jordano's Kitchen Supply, which made dishes, accessories, and linens available for the preceding photographs.



Goat Cheese Pancakes

(Serves 10)

- 6 eggs
- 7 oz. goat cheese
- 1¼ cups flour
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- 3 tablespoons sour cream
- 1 tablespoon melted butter

Whip eggs gently and add flour and sugar. Add sour cream and crumble goat cheese into mixture. Add melted butter and stir gently. If batter is too thick, add sour cream. If batter is too thin, add flour.

Pancakes should be three inches across and cooked over medium heat. Garnish with thinly sliced smoked salmon, sour cream, and golden caviar.

Channel City: Santa Barbara Tunes In The New Age

By Steve Diamond

"This is Indira," she says with a heavy accent, "and I am most pleased to be with you tonight . . ."

■ Another quiet Thursday evening settles over Santa Barbara. While Verna Yater sits before a crowd of about 50, channeling communication with people long dead, another kind of channeling session goes on in a Hope Ranch living room as twelve people perform a half-hour meditation for world peace. In another part of town, an acupuncturist uses her special "Dolphin Touch" to soothe and heal a middle-aged financial counselor. In a Montecito cafe on

"I T WILL TAKE A few minutes for me to go into the trance," the attractive woman in her late forties explains clearly. "During this time my consciousness will be removed and that of another will come in to converse with you."

A hush comes over the audience at the Sheraton Hotel as Verna Yater, a trance channel and psychic based in Santa Barbara, closes her eyes. She draws several deep breaths, and after a while her body seems to go slack. Then her facial muscles twitch, and suddenly she comes to life—but the voice is not Yater's. Instead, it is that of Yater's "spirit guide," a Hindu woman who lived and died in nineteenth-century India.

The meaning of *channeling* has expanded to include a person's ability to draw from his or her higher consciousness or intuition.

the same night, a couple discuss what they've been learning about their past lives and how they will apply their knowledge to a new business venture.

In the past, the term *channeling* connoted old-time mediumship that involved messages from late Uncle Ben or departed Aunt Betty. Today, the meaning of *channeling* has expanded to include a person's ability to draw from his or her higher consciousness or intuition. And, along with this new definition of *channeling*, a set of new attitudes affecting all aspects of one's personal and professional life has emerged.

A rebirth of spirituality is occurring among people of all ages across the country, and many are calling the phenomenon a "New Age"—a kind of metaphysical renaissance—although many of the ideas it incorporates are ancient. In the last few years, channeling and the New Age in general have appeared on the front pages of the *New York Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*. NBC's "Today Show," CBS's "60 Minutes," and ABC's "20/20" also reported on the movement. In addition, Shirley MacLaine's books and her prime time autobiographical mini-series "Out on a Limb" have promoted interest in channeling and other New Age concepts.

A recent survey by sociologist/priest/novelist Andrew Greeley and the University of Chicago found that 42 percent of American adults claim to have had contact with someone who has died and that 67 percent have reportedly experienced ESP. The study shows a dramatic increase since the early 1970s in America's inclination to believe in the paranormal.

This year's two-day New Age Expo, held at Santa Barbara's Earl Warren Showgrounds in April, drew a record crowd of 3,000. And New Age music, which has been moving into the mainstream during the past two years, now has its own category at the Grammy Awards.

Emphasizing service to other people and to the planet, the constellation of ideas characteristic of the New Age movement includes reincarnation, karmic balance, and the assertion that each individual can create his or her own reality. These ideas have sprouted here on the West Coast, and they are slowly popping up in all strata of modern life. Curiously, Santa Barbara has quietly become Channel City in more ways than one.

Take Sonic Gallery Radio, for instance. Begun in 1982 by Paul Hunter and Idy Moore, the two-hour program airs the latest in New Age music Tuesday nights on UC Santa Barbara's KCSB-FM. Early last year,

Hunter and Moore joined forces with Montecito investment counselor Dan Seleen and Hollywood entertainment executive Matt Marshall to create Higher Octave Music, Inc., which includes a record label and the upcoming national syndication of Sonic Gallery Radio.

"New Age music is more a feeling than it is a particular category of sound," Hunter says. "Musicians like Kitaro, Peter Davison, and Andreas Vollenweider are



PEGGY LINDT

producing sounds that you can use to expand your awareness, open your heart, and get in touch with yourself."

Another barometer of the increased New Age activity in Santa Barbara is local writer and editor Jack Underhill's quarterly magazine *Life Times*, which now has a national circulation of 20,000.

Underhill sought to create a magazine that would respond to the curiosity people have about all aspects of the New Age phenomenon. "I thought it would help to know the stories of people who are already going through these kinds of changes, [like] expansion of consciousness," he explains. "When you start going through this kind of thing, you change your attitude towards friends, job, and relationships, often without knowing why."

FOR AN INSTANT impression of what some of this New Age vibration is all about, stop in at a shop called Paradise Found.

"What people feel when they come into Paradise Found is that our store is really more of a service than a regular business," says Paula Vigneault, an attractive, auburn-haired woman in her late thirties who, with Paul Colbert, is the shop's cofounder and owner. "We're not just selling products, we're trying to uplift people, allowing them access to that place inside them that is whole, healthy, loving, and complete."

One definitely senses something different about Paradise Found. Located across from the downtown public library, the place *feels* warm, friendly, personable. Maybe it's the inviting listening booths where customers can sample the store's New Age music tapes. But Paradise Found is more than a store. To use a New Age term, it's a "manifestation" of Vigneault and Colbert's creative intuition.

"Paradise Found really came about by a process of channeling, or intuition," says Paul Colbert, who ran a successful natural foods restaurant in Alaska, and whose long beard and sandy-blond hair, crowned by his ever-present headband, give him a sort of biblical look. "It's important to trust one's own inner message. When we walked in to rent this location for the store, for example, we hadn't done any traffic estimates or any of the traditional business methods you use for assessing a place, but we *knew* it was right. And I think that's one of the definitions of the New Age, not only trusting your intuitive feelings, but being willing to act on them as well."

Vigneault and Colbert met in Alaska, where Vigneault was working as a medical technician. She wanted to get into some other kind of service but had no idea what that would be. The two came together over his collection of New Age music, which was almost totally unknown to the general public a scant four years ago. Together, they began distributing tapes of meditative, peaceful music to friends and co-workers, particularly those who served in health fields like psychology, nursing, midwifery, and obstetrics.

Besides offering a large selection of New Age music, the store features an impressive collection of crystals and several shelves full of items related to health, healing, and the secrets of natural beauty. The store carries self-improvement audio tapes covering subjects that range from guided meditation to stress reduction techniques to methods

Santa Barbara Mission Plate



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for stopping smoking, as well as videotapes like Louise L. Hay's "You Can Heal Your Life" and "Creative Visualization" by Shakti Gawain. You can also order a mystical and "psychically oriented" Chakra Painting created by Santa Barbara New Age artist Meganne Parish and supposedly based on reflections of your own inner vibrations.

This summer, Paradise Found celebrates its first anniversary, one which finds the enterprise financially stable. Financial solvency at the end of a first year is quite a feat for any new business, and Colbert and Vigneault believe their success proves they correctly channeled their intuition about the growing interest in things New Age.

"CHANNELING IS A TOOL, really," says Verna V. Yater, Ph.D., director of the Santa Barbara-based Spiritual Sciences Institute and a nationally recognized trance channel. She describes the process as "a way of going deeper into yourself until you tap into the higher energies and influences which are all around us."

The highly energetic Yater principally channels the words and thoughts of the wise Hindu woman, Indira Latari. Although Yater has been channeling professionally for eight years now, she says that Indira—her guide and teacher in spirit—has been with her since she was a child growing up in rural Minnesota.

Another of Yater's "guides" or "teachers" is a Cherokee medicine man named Chief White Eagle. According to Yater and her audiences, the medicine man produces—through Yater's entranced body—powerful healing sounds that seem to surround and penetrate listeners with a positive, healing resonance.

"When I go into a trance, a number of things are set in motion before the spirit or entity can talk with you," Verna Yater explains. "First of all, I give permission that my own consciousness will be sufficiently removed to allow the consciousness of one or more of my teachers to come in. Then I feel a tremendous rush of energy coming in like a funnel, while my own energy steps aside. Often I see light, or a vision of the particular spirit. And usually," she adds, smiling, "whoever is present can feel a vibrational change in the room when the spirit begins to speak."

Verna Yater holds privately scheduled trance channeling sessions in which a participant can find out about his or her past lifetimes and how they affect and relate to that individual today. The participant can also request information on practically

any subject. In addition, Yater leads a weekly spiritual healing clinic at the Institute. Her work as a psychic has been studied by the well-known Association for Research and Enlightenment in Virginia, which was founded by the late Edgar Cayce, America's most respected clairvoyant. The association rated Yater at the top of the psychics the group tested. A recent article in *New Realities* magazine calls her one of the best trance channels on the West Coast.

Further, a metaphysical autobiography by Santa Barbara writer, philanthropist, and social activist Kit Tremaine will be published this fall. Titled *The Butterfly Rises*, the book relates some of the channeled dialogues that Tremaine says have taken place between herself and Verna Yater's "guide," Indira Latari.

At the beginning of her development as a

trance channel in the late '70s, Yater "went around trying to determine just what was meant by 'raising your consciousness.'" She reports that she "discovered that it actually amounts to raising the frequency of your being." And that is part of what the channeling process is all about.

"There are people who come in with mundane business questions, or things related to daily life, and they won't go on to deeper questions until their first concerns are settled. And quite often, completely unaware, they will be benefiting by the vibrations in the room, regardless of the information they are being given. I have seen many thousands of lives changed as a result of my own channeling and the channeling of others, but initially it is a trigger for the raising of consciousness of the people who come for the sessions."

Yater believes that the geography of

Santa Barbara has in no small measure contributed to the spiraling growth of New Age influences here and of channeling in particular. "Ideally, 72-degree weather creates perfect channeling conditions, which are also ideally produced with a body of water nearby," she says. "And I think a lot of people have been drawn here to do this kind of work, even though at first they don't know why they've come here."

When asked about how she deals with skeptics, Yater gives one of her challenging smiles and replies: "I don't. I welcome them, certainly, but I'm more concerned with those who are already aware that something exists beyond the ordinary senses. Indira answered this nicely when the interviewer from NBC's 'Today Show' asked what she would say to nonbelievers. She said, 'concentrate on those who do believe. When people are ready, they will

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hear. And when they're ready to see, they will see.'" Yater adds, "Sometimes the greatest skeptics of today will become the greatest believers of tomorrow."

THE RAPIDLY GROWING HOST of New Age practitioners in Santa Barbara is a quiet phenomenon of its own. One can turn to channels; aura balancers; psychic musicians; massage therapists and shiatsu healers; karma-straightener-outers; tarot and other divinatory card readers; clairvoyants; rebirthers; psychic and spiritual artists and craftspeople; instructors of zen, yoga, tai chi or other serious enlightening disciplines; crystal healers; or generic, all-around spiritual counselors.

Among the vast array of New Age healers in Santa Barbara, Theresa Vance, a psychic and nationally certified acupuncturist, stands out for the uniqueness of her new healing form, which she calls the "Dolphin Touch." A native of the Pacific Northwest, Vance is a deceptively young-looking woman who just turned forty. She has an open face highlighted by tousled short red hair, and blue eyes which have something of a dolphin's twinkle in them.

Some years ago, as a psychology student in Eugene, Oregon, Vance had a profound dream in which dolphins told her that she would work with them in the future and that she would move to Southern California and meet and work with dolphin expert Dr. John C. Lilly. All of the dolphins' predictions came to pass.

Vance, who arrived in Santa Barbara in 1981 to study at the California Acupuncture College, was instrumental in uncovering the ancient Chumash dolphin legend of the Rainbow Bridge, a story she believes she was "guided" to seek.

In the mystic legend, humanity originated on the Channel Islands. The "Great Spirit" allowed humanity to cross a rainbow bridge to the Santa Barbara mainland and thus to populate our continent. The people were told not to look down or they would fall into the ocean and drown. But when some of the natives did just that, the Great Spirit turned them into dolphins. Vance's research into the legend helped sway the public's decision in favor of allowing the installation of Bud Bottom's dolphin fountain at the foot of State Street.

During the time she spent swimming with dolphins in the Florida Keys and at John Lilly's research center in Redwood City, Vance first received some practical lessons about the Dolphin Touch. Referring to two bottlenose dolphins who lived in a private lagoon in the Florida Keys, Vance explains, "I swam with Dal and

Suwa every day for five weeks, and it was there that I learned what it means to convey thoughts and feelings without the use of words. Suwa, the male dolphin, would swim around the lagoon with great strength, stirring up the water, showing his aggressive maleness, and just as quickly he would reverse it, stop what he was doing, and demonstrate his softness, his feminine side.

"On a tactile level, it was joyous beyond words because touching a dolphin is unlike anything I have touched in life," she says. "But most important, I had my first understanding of the many ways living things communicate."

As Theresa Vance describes it, the Dolphin Touch, initially taught to her by the dolphins and developed over the course of the past eight years through her healing work, feels like thousands of champagne bubbles gently bursting all over one's body, or like the softness of a feather lightly brushing one's skin along specific acupuncture meridians.

"I began to find with my clients that the Dolphin Touch was touching something in themselves that they had longed for or had forgotten in their lives. It was almost as if the touch brought forth their communication with their higher selves." Vance feels it is no coincidence that the birthplace of the Dolphin Touch was Santa Barbara, a place of ancient healing rites and legendary communication between the ancient Chumash and the dolphins.

"I came to realize that the dolphins were here to teach us about the opening of the heart, the removing of the shields and barriers that exist around our bodies, thus allowing the heart to speak. As a result, people dissolve the barriers between their heads and hearts, coming into a greater reunification with themselves."

In a deep sense, Theresa Vance's words are a fairly succinct description of the underlying attitudes of that undefinable movement, the New Age.

Certainly a wave of nascent spirituality, which some see as the dawning of that much-heralded Age of Aquarius, is breaking on Santa Barbara's shores and moving across the land. Even if the New Age turns out to be a passing fashion, stylistic aspects may remain with our culture. Our grandchildren may take for granted such New Age ideas as reincarnation, karma, trance channeling, and crystal healing. After all, who would have thought, 50 years ago, that major newspapers would run daily horoscope columns? ■

Steve Diamond is a novelist and free-lance writer living in Santa Barbara.



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PICTURE THIS

Beating the Heat

WHEN SUMMER SETTLES on the city, everyone wants to keep cool. So what's the *best* way to beat the heat?

Take a few tips from the photographs here, which readers submitted in response to our March/April "Beating the Heat" photo challenge. On these pages we present the winning entries, in the third installment of the department that offers shutterbugs an opportunity to go on assignment for *Santa Barbara Magazine*.

Each issue, we select a topic and ask readers to submit photographs. Winning entries receive \$25 and appear in a following issue.



■
(1) *Summer is a good time for taking a slide on the wild side. Our thanks to Ernest F. Visconti for this twisted interpretation of our assignment.*

(2) *Julie Clattenburg caught a shy water nymph emerging from the depths of a cool pool. This demure sprite makes beating the heat look like child's play.*

(3) *Sylvia Miller captured this playful person helping his friends have a little fun during the dog days of summer. After all, what are friends for?*

(4) *Taking the situation in hand, a happy fellow opts for a liquid solution to dealing with the heat of the moment. Contributed by Robin Hemming.*

(5) *"A tot in every pot" is the position that Jennifer takes on the issue of summer sun relief. Our thanks to E. Patrick Morris for sharing his niece's stand.*



3



4



5

SPORTS

Back Country Roughriders

DUSTED WITH DIRT and a bit of sweat, Aaron Cox's face expresses extreme concentration. This part of the trail is too steep, even for Aaron Cox. Slinging the mountain bike over his shoulder, he breaks into a trot, continuing upward and leaving the other cyclists behind.

At 27, Aaron Cox has been a full-time professional mountain bike racer for two years. That's two years of jam-packed race seasons stretching from March to October, with races often stacked back-to-back 35 weekends in a row.

Known locally by his initials, AC, Aaron Cox got hooked on mountain biking after growing bored with typical ten-speeds and tired of endless flat tires. "Beach cruisers" with balloon tires had just arrived on the market. To AC and others, the cruisers looked like good vehicles to take up into the Santa Monica Mountains of his native Los Angeles.

When AC first heard about mountain bike racing from a bike shop in Los Angeles, he quickly signed up for a local race. By 1983, when organized teams of mountain bike racers began to form and professionalism in the sport started to evolve, AC was already leaving others in the dust and gaining notoriety as a hot racer. He turned professional in 1984 and became deeply involved in competition.

Between 1984 and 1985, Aaron Cox was one of the top pro racers in the country. He raced all over the U.S. on salary for the Ross Mountain Bike Team. AC loved the feeling of "being alone in the wilderness... an individual versus the elements, the road, and the terrain." Hill climbing became his specialty. In cross-country and stage racing he excelled, placing sixth in the 1984 NORBA (National Off-Road Bicycle Association) Nationals and third in the 1984 New England Fat Tire Stage Race, either one of which might be considered the "Tour de France" of American professional mountain bike competition.

But as in any demanding professional sport, the excessive traveling schedule eventually wore him out. AC settled down in Santa Barbara, got a job as a bicycle courier, and now only races pro events in California as a member of Team Yeti, a custom bike company from Malibu.

If Aaron Cox's enthusiasm for the sport is any example of what's going on in the

rapidly growing mountain bike industry, it's no wonder that bicycle shops in the Santa Barbara area report that 70 to 90 percent of all bikes sold in the last year were mountain bikes.

The fact that mountain bikes are comfortable and fun contributes to their popularity. Riders sit in an upright position, gaining a better view of what's happening around them than they would hunched over ten-speed handlebars. Wide, knobby tires give better traction and more stability than standard bicycle tires, and sturdy construction coupled with a wider range of gears make mountain bikes appealing to cyclists who enjoy challenging the nastiest curves on State Street or the long climb up San Ysidro Canyon.

One Santa Barbaran involved in the design and manufacture of mountain bikes is Terry Marchiando. Marchiando was designing aluminum motorcycle parts and racing motorcycles when he became interested in the new sport. In 1980 he built his brother a mountain bike out of aluminum tubing that lay scattered around his yard. He grew to like the new sport because it "seemed environmentally conducive to this new age we're in." By 1983 he was making limited quantities of aluminum frame bikes. "Aluminum frames," says Marchiando, "are 30 percent lighter than the steel alloy frames but just as strong."

Now Marchiando has his frames manufactured in Taiwan and shipped to Santa Barbara, where his company assembles the final product, a mountain bike he calls the Crotch Rocket.

Many Crotch Rocket owners have experience in backpacking or motorcycling. For mountain bikers, fat tire bikes are a means to journey deep into the back country, without the weight of a pack or the noise of an off-road motorcycle.

Because mountain biking enthusiasts now share trails with hikers and equestrians, a conflict over trail use is emerging. National Park policy prohibits mountain bikes on trails, while the State Park System creates policies on a park-to-park basis.

***Making tracks:** back country roughriders Lori Rafferty and Aaron Cox challenge rugged terrain on their sturdy mountain bikes, the fat tire bicycles that have overrun the bike market recently.*

In a growing national debate among its members, the Sierra Club has taken an official position against mountain bikes on trails. A spokesperson for the local chapter of the Sierra Club said the club feels that "mountain bikers should design and build their own trails." However, the



GREG HUGLIN

club is currently revising its stand.

"It's a matter of designated use for each interest group," says Bob Robertson, President of the Los Padres Trail Riders, a local equestrian group that shares foothill trails with hikers. Robertson feels, "There's no getting around it: horses and bikes aren't

compatible on a narrow trail." The Trail Riders would like to see mountain bikes restricted to wider fire roads and dirt roads.

"Everyone enjoys the same thing—getting away from it all," says Patrick Pontes, Santa Barbara District Ranger for the Los Padres National Forest. The District will

soon decide what group may use which forest trails, and will publish a map and brochure showing the correct trails for fat tire bikers. ■

Lori Rafferty contributes regularly to national windsurfing magazines.



BUSINESS FOCUS

Powell-Peralta—Chairmen of the Skateboard

IT WAS ON A SUNNY SATURDAY afternoon in Pacific Palisades in the spring of 1976 when the fateful moment occurred, changing the lives of George Powell, a successful aerospace products designer and salesman, and his family. Powell's eleven-year-old son Abe had come into the livingroom, asking plaintively, "Dad, can I have a skateboard?" Powell, himself a skateboard enthusiast, was only too happy to dig out his old board from Stanford days. Abe took it out for the afternoon, but when he came in for dinner,

tion at the time all this happened," Powell told me during an interview at his Gutierrez Street offices. Outside, a few of his 90 employees—making the Powell Corporation one of the larger employers in Santa Barbara—are skateboarding in a nearby parking lot during their lunch hour. "I started experimenting on skateboard wheels and decks in my garage workshop on weekends, and then concentrated on doing small-sized boards to improve them. Our first product was called the 'Quicksilver.'" Powell began marketing the "Quicksilver"

occupy more than 32,000 square feet of it in the Gutierrez-Salsipuedes area.

Shortly after the company's founding, Stacey Peralta, one of the world's skateboard champs, joined forces with Powell as a part owner and vice-president—giving birth to their product name, "Powell-Peralta." Known the world over as skateboarders of all ages, Peralta took over the promotion and development department, and since that time has helped mastermind the company's image through the creation of several successful feature-length skateboard videos. He has also brought together a professional skateboarding team called "The Bones Brigade," which puts on public demonstrations and performances.

According to Powell's projections for the next five years, the corporation will potentially increase in sales by a good 20 to 40 percent per year. Not bad for a company which sprang into existence on that fateful Saturday afternoon when young Abe Powell borrowed his dad's musty old college skateboard and, unknowingly, challenged the old man to come up with a better idea. —S.D.



Stacey Peralta (left) and George Powell (right) base much of their success on Animal Chin (center), "the mystical Godfather of Skateboarding," says Peralta.

the review was thumbs down. "It's lame," said honest Abe, "those old metal roller skate wheels don't make it anymore, Dad. Everybody's using polyurethane."

What's a father to do?

Today, a decade later, Powell is the founder and principal stockholder of Santa Barbara's Powell Corporation, one of the premier skateboard manufacturers in the world, producing over a quarter of a million skateboards annually. Powell, in his early forties, is a tall, attractive man who represents the best and the brightest of California—an inquisitive ingenuity, combined with the daring to take a chance on his intuition, on the ideas he believes in.

"I was working for Ray-Chem Corpora-

tion in conjunction with Tom Simms, a professional skateboarding champ from Santa Barbara. It was an immediate hit.

Thus the Powell Corporation was born in 1976, and began with 1,400 square feet in a small cement-block building. At first they manufactured the boards, sold them direct, promoted them and shortly realized they could distribute them as well. "When we were ready to start the new business, we asked ourselves, 'Why not in Santa Barbara?'" Powell told me.

Today their large-scale operations, manufacturing the 250,000 boards, wheels, "trucks" (axles which enable the skateboards to give into a sharp turn), plus in-house art and advertising department,

Keeping Customers First

SIX YEARS AGO when Cheri Jasinski decided to quit her job as Administrative Officer for Santa Barbara County Parks and sell her house to finance her own business, she first sat down with her three teenage children to discuss the risk that she, as a single parent, was about to take. When she asked their advice, the verdict was unanimous: "Go for it, Mom!"

She's been going for it ever since.

Along with her partner, Michele Jackman, Jasinski founded Profit Systems International, Inc., a management training company. Jasinski specializes in helping businesses improve their customer relations and communications skills. Her client list ranges from major endeavors like the U.S. Navy and Vandenberg Air Force Base, to the cities of Santa Barbara, Carpinteria and Ventura, as well as major banks and hospitals. Kinko's is one of their clients as is a local modeling agency.

Jasinski feels that customer relations is the core of any business. Beyond the product, numbers, schedules and reports, what everybody does business for is to help their customer. "If a business's primary purpose



Customer relations guru Cheri Jasinski: etiquette for the "front line."

is to first serve the customer," says Jasinski, "then the profit comes automatically."

When a company calls Jasinski in as a consultant, her first step is to interview the "front line," the people who really interact with the customer. She finds out how they perceive their relationship with the customers as well as with the company's management, and how company procedures effect their ability to deliver good service.

Often Jasinski will custom design trainings for a company's front line. More than just a series of techniques, Jasinski's trainings are designed to effect a change in perspective, to produce a whole new set of realizations about what it's like to be in the customer's shoes. She cites an example of a company who manufactured high-tech computer parts. Their customer service department was staffed by technical support people who often had difficulty dealing with customers who were not technically oriented. The vice president of the company was besieged with phone calls from disgruntled clients. After Jasinski's training, the customers were so impressed with the understanding and friendly service they were receiving, they began sending the customer service technicians thank-you letters, flowers, even a bottle of champagne.

After hours, Jasinski sits on the Board of

Directors of the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce, serves as Director of the Small Business Council, and teaches the Customer Service Management curriculum at the University of California Extension. Jasinski has coined a word for herself, and other women who are "going for it" in a number of directions simultaneously: "We're called 'multipreneur.'"

Her experiences have given birth to a

book in progress entitled, *The Multipreneurs: Women Who Work Too Much*, which offers solutions to the challenges and issues women face in starting their own business ventures.

Being a multipreneur is risky business, but Jasinski is glad she took that first independent leap. "It's like the stock market," she says. "You've got to put the risk in, in order to get the payoff." —L.R.

Applause for The Victoria Street Theater

THE VICTORIA STREET THEATER is one of those movie houses you can depend on. So much so, according to thirty-five-year-old Paul Arganbright, the Vic's owner/manager, "I've even had people show up, plunk down their money for the ticket, and then, almost as an afterthought, they'll question, 'Oh, what's playing tonight?'"

This summer the Vic celebrated its sixth anniversary, and if you're one of the faithful, Paul Arganbright is the man to thank for all those wonderful films.

"I was with some friends looking for a movie one night in the late seventies," Arganbright recalls, "and I realized that so many great films play in Los Angeles and other cities, why couldn't we get some of them here in Santa Barbara?" At the time, all movie houses in town were owned by the Metropolitan Theatre chain—and with the exception of the Victoria Street Theater, that still holds true today.

Arganbright developed a weekend film series at the Montessori School's auditorium. "I would pick and promote the films," Arganbright told me as we chatted in the empty, former-church movie house on a Tuesday afternoon, "and while it raised money for the scholarship fund, it probably saved me more money in the long run than we ever made for them, just in what I learned about the theater business." Arganbright went on to produce film programs at the Lobero and other venues, and ultimately brought together a band of investors and launched the Vic.

Built in the early years of World War I, the building was originally a Baptist church, and in the 1920s passed into the hands of more than one other denomination until the present owner later bought it. "I think they were considering razing it for a newer office building when I came along," says Arganbright. The Victoria sports

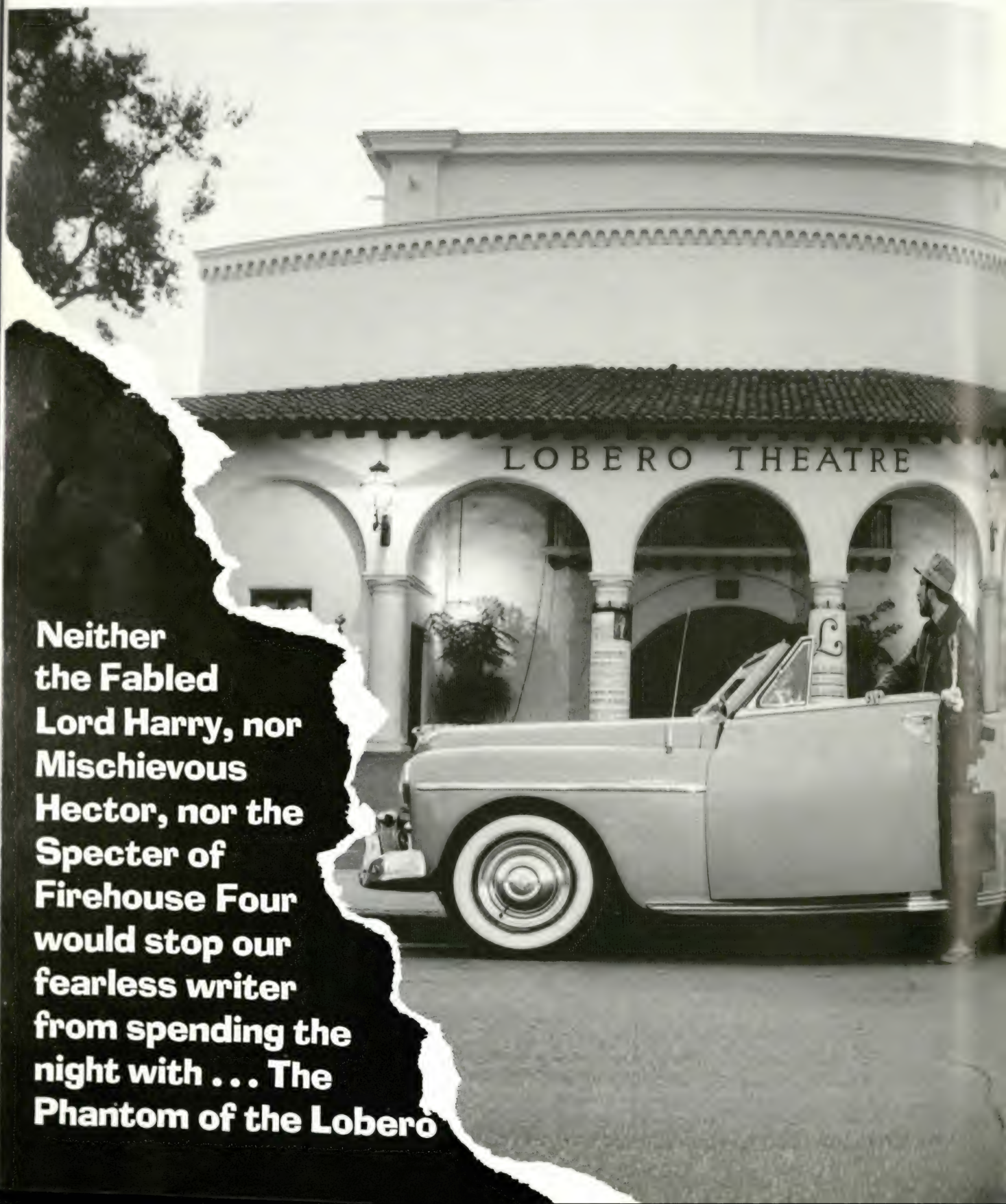
beautiful stained-glass windows and as we spoke, the late afternoon sun was streaming through them onto the rows of empty theater seats, which will hold up to 459 people. It uses both 16mm and 35mm projectors, and in the last year and a half, Arganbright has upgraded to a ten-thousand-dollar Dolby stereo sound system.

Unfortunately, the entire building complex which includes the old church movie house is currently on the market. And although Arganbright has a lease until next spring that must be honored no matter what happens with the property, he's optimistic about the Vic's future. —S.D.



Paul Arganbright, the man behind the Vic, has been operating the only independent movie house in town for the past six years.

POLTERGEIST



Neither
the Fabled
Lord Harry, nor
Mischievous
Hector, nor the
Specter of
Firehouse Four
would stop our
fearless writer
from spending the
night with ... The
Phantom of the Lobero

TS IN PARADISE

By Jeff Sanders

It's nine o'clock. I'm sitting on the floor on top of my sleeping bag, a tape recorder, two cameras and a typewriter at my side. It's beginning to get cold, but I keep making excuses for not climbing inside the bag. I place my back to the wall. The exit is in clear view.

Suddenly I hear a deep muffled sound. Is it the building settling on its foundation or is it the Ghost of the Lobero Theatre coming to meet me? What am I doing here, you ask yourself? Let me explain.

Two weeks ago over coffee I received the good news, "The story is yours." I'm told, "There's just one condition, we want you to spend a night, alone."

Fortunately I'm given a choice of sorts. The magazine will allow me to select the house and, therefore, the spirit.

While I don't know the criteria a ghost uses to pick a haunt, I can tell you the method this writer employed. I wanted a place with a friendly spirit. Hopefully one with a sense of humor. I didn't want to be awakened at midnight by the touch of icy cold fingers or the sounds of clanging chains. What I was looking for was the quintessential laid-back California apparition, the kind that was "into sharing its space."

There were actually quite a few potential ghosts to choose from. And why not? Santa Barbara is a great town and with the cost of housing being what it is, taking up residence in the form of a spirit could be considered an enviable position.

There are other attributes that make Santa Barbara prime ghost country. First, we have a colorful history, a landscape and architecture that have provided the backdrop for two centuries of intrigue, mystery, violence and practical jokes. Then there are those who think that spirits are attracted to this place because Santa Barbara is situated in an area of special energy and power. The Reverend Foard of the Church of the Comforter (Spiritualist Church) explained it to me this way. "There's a strong energy field that runs right through here. We get its effect coming and going very quickly."

My first tip on the local spooks came from a fellow writer who had heard tales of ghosts while working on a story about antiques. I set off for Brinkerhoff Avenue, the antique capital of Santa Barbara. Nestled in the middle of the block I found a modest Victorian, painted three shades of green and surrounded by a picket fence. The house, built in 1888, is home to the

Ogle family and the ghost of Lord Harry.

George Ogle, a city fireman, purchased the house in 1973 with the goal of living there and selling automotive antiques and memorabilia.

Lord Harry made his presence known shortly after Ogle began to remodel the house. "It was driving me nuts," said Ogle. "I couldn't figure out what was going on." He went on to explain that after he began construction, odd things started to occur. He would come back to work in the morning with the strange feeling that the project had moved along a little further than where he had left off. Finally Ogle decided to leave a mark so he could determine exactly where he had stopped. The next day, he came downstairs to find that several full sheets of plywood were nailed in place. "I was still skeptical. Then it happened a second time."

Ogle set aside the idea of a mystery carpenter until he began to research the home's history and a series of seemingly unrelated events occurred. First, the name of Harry Hawcroft emerged as the person who had been the home's longest resident. Next, Ogle purchased, without reason, an old historical photograph showing a group of men in front of a Santa Barbara blacksmith shop. Later one of those men in the photo would be identified as Harry Hawcroft, also known as Lord Harry because of his British accent.

A few days later Ogle happened upon the 1892 log book from Santa Barbara's first Volunteer Fire Department. "I had no idea why," Ogle said. A moment later he turned the page and found himself staring at Hawcroft's name. Lord Harry had been a volunteer fireman.

Ogle was convinced that this was much more than chance. "It was like Harry was trying to give me a sign."

The fact that Hawcroft had been a fellow fireman and that his name kept appearing "over and over again" led Ogle to believe that he had discovered his partner. ►

Equipped with typewriter, camera, tape recorder, cloves of garlic and nerves of steel, our writer arrives at the Lobero Theatre without incident. But the night has just begun.

JURGEN HILMER

Is it the foundation settling, or is it Harry coming to meet me? — After hours of quiet in the costume room, our ghost chaser is alarmed. Inset, Harry in the flesh—as stagehand Harry Piodela (center) at a 1954 union party.



I was intrigued, but I wanted hard proof. "Have you ever seen Harry?" I asked.

The answer was "no," but he often has a feeling of his presence. "It's just a sensation that he's around sometimes. I think he's kind of looking out for me and the family, like a protector." Ogle was quick to point out, however, that he had a neighbor who had seen Harry. The eyewitness had since left Santa Barbara and moved to Santa Monica, but Ogle had her phone number.

I contacted Sasha McMullen, a theater technician. She clearly remembered her encounter with Harry. She had been house-sitting for the Ogle's. Around midnight she had gone downstairs to the kitchen, where she came face to face with the specter. "We startled each other," she said. "He was just standing there in turn-of-the-century clothing. He was wearing a coat with tails. I was looking right at him. Then he vanished."

Before coming to the theater, I had consulted with an expert on entities who were not in physical form.

Lois Stiles of the Santa Barbara Spiritual Sciences Institute, who had investigated numerous sites where spirit activity has been reported, told me that there were several physical manifestations that would alert me to the presence of a spirit. She said, "I might notice a tickling sensation on my face," but she didn't mention anything about my now stiff shoulders or sore back. She also said that I "could experience" a heaviness as if someone were pressing on my chest. I assume the gnawing feeling in my stomach doesn't qualify. I wish I had brought some sandwiches. If I get really desperate I could always eat the clove of garlic in my pocket. I don't know why I brought it. I've heard it's hell on vampires, but what about this Lobero spook?

My second site of investigation was Fire Station Number Four on North Ontare Road. My research at the local library revealed a *News-Press* piece on an exorcism that was performed there—unsuccessfully.

When I told Fireman Chris Benton the purpose of my visit, he laughed.

"You mean Leo," he said. "Oh, he's real alright."

Leo first appeared at the fire station shortly after they had relocated to their new building in September 1985.

Benton woke in the middle of the night to find he was not alone. "There was this big person leaning over me. I kept rubbing my eyes to make sure I wasn't dreaming, because it just disappeared while I was looking at him."

The next morning Benton told another firefighter, Joe Appleton, about his experience. "Joe gave me this real funny look and said that he had the same experience the night before."

Chris and Joe didn't say anything to the other men at the station for fear of becoming the object of jokes. However, when two other firefighters mentioned that they had experienced strong feelings that someone was upstairs—when nobody was—Benton and Appleton finally told their story.

Benton decided to look for someone who could explain the phenomenon, an expert in the paranormal. At a psychic fair at Las Positas Park, he met psychic counselor April Stout and convinced her and her associate, Elia Sun, to visit the firehouse.

The two deduced that the spirit was either that of an old fireman or someone who had died in a fire. They sensed that his name was Leo and claimed that there were also other spirits being drawn to the firehouse.

A cleansing ritual was performed to direct Leo's spirit to the Light. A *News-Press* story described how the two psychics carried burning sage and sprinkled holy water throughout the station. They finished by crushing volcanic rock in the garage.

"They told us the other spirits had left but that Leo was determined to stay," Benton said. "And that's okay with me. I think of him as a fan." In the official Station Logbook the entry for November 26, 1985 reads, "Exorcism at the Station 4. All spooks except Leo gone."

I check my watch. It's a little after 10:30 p.m., and to tell the truth, what was supposed to be a phantasmic night at the Lobero is becoming a bit boring. There's part of me that really would like something to happen. There's another part that knows if something does my next writing assignment will be for the National Inquirer (just one more writer gone around the bend). Again I hear that rumbling noise. Only this time it seems closer.

The Big Yellow House Restaurant in Summerland was my next destination. The Spirit of Hector, official prankster in residence is widely known.

Manager David Bevilacqua, whose family owns the restaurant, told me stories of knocking sounds coming from inside the walls and under the floors, water faucets turning on and off by themselves and lights flickering in the windows late at night.

Summerland seemed an ideal spot for a spirit to call home. The town was originally settled as a "spiritualist community" in the late 1800s by Henry L. Williams. Williams built the house that is now the restaurant for his new bride from the East Coast. It remained a private residence until 1971.

Spiritualism is based on two beliefs: that there is a life after death and that certain individuals called mediums can communicate with the spirits of the departed.

Spiritualism reached its height in the mid-1800s. By 1855 the faith claimed over two million believers in America and Europe. Adherents often formed small communities such as Summerland.

"When I first came to the restaurant I was a total nonbeliever," Bevilacqua said, "but not anymore. Now I never work late at night alone."

Over the years, numerous psychics have investigated The Big Yellow House. Some séances have even been held there.

Lois Stiles told me of the night that she and a class of students from Carpinteria High School investigated the restaurant. "They were studying parapsychology, ESP and other phenomenon and wanted to conduct some experiments at the restaurant. I came along as a facilitator."

Hector did not make an appearance that night but Stiles and several students did detect unexplained areas of cold (a sign that a spirit is present) that night. "There is

Who Ya Gonna Call— A Guide to Busting Your Ghost

So you think there might be more than bats in your belfry? Then what? You won't find ghostbusters listed in the *Yellow Pages* but you will find the Santa Barbara-based Spiritual Sciences Institute.

I spoke with Lois Stiles, an administrator at the institute, who points out that the institute's primary work is in helping people deal with personal issues from a metaphysical perspective. "We assist in removing the layers that block the light."

Sometimes the institute does become involved in "healing spirits." Ghosts, or as Stiles prefers, entities not in physical form, occasionally become waylaid between dimensions. She says this is often the case with those that have experienced sudden death. "The spirit may not even be aware that it has moved from the physical plane. It can actually be frightened. With their cooperation we can help them to enter the light."

According to Stiles, the "light" is the place to which we are naturally drawn at the time of death.

There are instances when an entity will refuse to leave for the light. In those cases, Stiles speculates that the spirit may be here for a specific purpose, "acting as a teacher, trying to give us knowledge and understanding."

Stiles, who is a licensed counselor with a master degree, explained that in a home with spirit activity there is often a wide range of physical manifestation that can alert you to its presence. Parts of the room can become extremely cold or very hot; lights often dim or flicker; you might experience a feeling of lightheadedness or even a sense of disorientation.

Unusual smells are also quite common—the aroma of foods that you don't cook or perfume that you don't wear. Sometimes the scent of flowers will be present.

Often there will be visual clues. An area of the room might develop a filmy type of light, almost opaque in nature. The sensation of constant movement just at the edge of your peripheral vision is another possibility.

Then there are other forms of manifestation that are of a more substantive nature. Objects may begin to appear and then disappear around the house. Sometimes these are everyday items such as a cup that you know you just set down in the kitchen. Later you find it in an upstairs bedroom. Other times it will be an object that you know isn't yours, something you've never owned.

Stiles explained that there is almost always a pattern. "I've seen appliances that will break down at exactly the same time and same day on a regular schedule."

How can you make friends with your roommate?

"You could try burning white sage, a native American purification herb," says Stiles. "Then meditate. Tell the spirit you come in peace and love. Oh, and burn a white candle. It will ward off negative spirits. It's best to cover your bases," she adds.

If you're really feeling adventurous you could try direct communication. An often-used method is a technique called automatic writing. The procedure consists of meditating and trying to contact the entity. Then simply take pen in hand and wait. With a little practice you might receive a message. —J.S.

The ghost of the Brinkerhoff House (below) is believed to be that of the eccentric Lord Harry Hawcroft, (inset, left) a turn-of-the-century blacksmith who was never seen without a bow tie.



PHOTO COURTESY SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY



KARL OBERT

definitely some form of activity there," said Stiles.

One of Hector's more spectacular pranks was discovered one morning when a manager came to work to find the tables and chairs stacked on top of one another, complete with linens and place settings.

I felt certain that I had found the haunt of my choice. Hector seemed harmless enough and I was sure that there must be some fringe benefits to spending a night in a restaurant.

Still there was one more possibility.

I had consulted with Richard Senate, author of *Ghost of the Haunted Ghost*. Senate, who is presently working on a new book about hauntings in Hollywood suggested that I might investigate theaters. It turns out that stories of ghosts in old theaters are part of show business legend.

I wasn't to be disappointed. At the Lobero I found what I was looking for.

I spoke with Executive Director Nancy Moore who put me in touch with Pam Laskar, the former business manager at the Lobero. Pam, who is now the box office supervisor at the Garvin Theater, told me the tale of "Poor Old Harry." Harry Piodela had been both a stagehand and night watch-

man at the theater. He lived upstairs in a converted dressing room. He also died in that room. And according to Pam, his spirit remains.

"He makes his presence known," she said. "Particularly if there's a rock concert here. Harry doesn't like rock and roll. He messes with sound equipment. Weird things happen. Sometimes you hear him walking upstairs. But you should talk to Harold Reeves if you want to know about that."

Harold Reeves had been the stage manager at the Lobero for over thirty years. He's presently writing a history of the theater.

"Sure, I knew Harry. He was a charter member of the stagehand's union," said Reeves. "He got me started here back in 1946."

Reeves proceeded to tell me how Harry would sometimes go out at night to have a drink or two and when he would come back to the theater, they could hear him walking around. "He would make this clomping kind of sound. Harry died in '57, but there's a lot of people that think they've heard that clomping 'since then.'"

I also spoke with Sammy Llynnaugh, a former stage manager with Alhecama. She too confirmed the stories of Harry but also told me another one.

Dr. Frank Fowler, the first Director of the Alhecama who died some fifteen years ago, has been seen several times in the Lobero. During performance actors have seen the

good doctor in the audience. "He'd be sitting there wearing his trademark black tuxedo and smiling," she said.

That was enough for me. I knew exactly where I wanted to spend the night. An old theater with two ghosts—what could be better?

I made arrangements with Nancy Moore who graciously consented to my request but not without having me sign a legal contract. The contract held the Lobero harmless for any damage to myself "whether it be physical, psychic, stress-related or any other sort."

"So, you believe the Lobero Theatre's haunted," I asked Ms. Moore.

"Let's put it this way," she replied, "theaters are places filled with lots of intensity, places that are full of meaning. I think some of that energy remains."

It's now three minutes before midnight. If anything is going to happen it should be soon.

An entire wall of the dressing room is covered with costumes. Jackets, pants and hats hang everywhere.

I'm beginning to develop the uneasy sensation that the empty costumes have somehow moved position. "Come on guys," I challenge with as much courage as I can muster, "the typewriter is all yours. Give me a sign. Tell me your story. This is your big chance. You can give the term ghost-writing a whole new meaning." Nothing. Maybe ghosts don't care for my puns any more than humans do.

Another twenty minutes has gone by and I realize my left leg has gone to sleep. I start to rub it but then the sounds begin.

There's no doubt about it. From some place above me (or maybe below) I hear a clomping.

"Harry," I yell, "my leg's asleep and I can't even run. Give me a sporting chance, Harry, if that's you, I want you to know something. I never liked those rock concerts. Honest. And I won't go to any more. I promise."

I survived the Lobero. I can't say much more than that. What happened in my encounter with Harry the ghost I cannot entirely report. It was very late—or very early—and I hadn't slept. Did Harry pay me a visit? In the interest of higher journalism, suffice it to say what Marquis du Deffand said in a similar circumstance two hundred years ago: "Do I believe in ghosts? No—but they do scare me."

Jeff Sanders is currently recovering from his night at the Lobero. This is his first—and last—ghost story.



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LIVING IN THE COUNTRY MANNER

A Hillside Conversation With Movie Couple Malcolm McDowell And Mary Steenburgen

By Fran Laurence
Photography By Guy Webster

During the filming of Time after Time (above), McDowell and Steenburgen were afraid their overt chemistry would hurt the movie. "We almost ate each other alive," says Steenburgen. Now married with two children, they still exude that chemistry for one another, working together on their country home, while managing their busy film careers.

SOME PEOPLE LIKE THE OCEAN," Mary Steenburgen says. "I've always loved watching mountains and the way the light changes them. Here, we're country folks—Santa Barbara is the big city. We go there to the movies, to eat sushi, and to visit the zoo."

Over a hundred years old, the home of actors Mary Steenburgen and Malcolm McDowell and their two children is nestled in a



mountainous valley near Santa Barbara. With two attractively furnished bedrooms and a newly built living room and den fronting the mountain view, the house is elegantly spare. Concrete foundations mark off a new kitchen and dining room, and the new bedroom is still a plan on paper. But what is there is appealing, without a false note. Like its owners, it is sturdy, traditional, unselfproclaiming, truthful and warm. And the property surrounding the house is equally unpretentious.

Steenburgen and McDowell offer me a tour of their country manor with more than a little pride. See the rose garden, wrested from a virtual dump heap? And there by the hill—that's where the barn and corral for Steenburgen's horse will be. And back there near the pool, McDowell will plant a vegetable garden. There is already a perfect replica of the house in the sturdy crotch of a big tree in the orchard where the children play. Grapes—three kinds—are turning ripe on the old arbor.

The couple and I settle across from each other at a balcony table outside the living room. Their boy, four-year-old Charlie, is napping and their six-year-old daughter, Lilly, is away playing with a friend. "So this is a perfect time to talk," says Steenburgen, as if I were a neighbor who's dropped in on them for a little chat.

Steenburgen's career is a classic Hollywood fairy tale about how a kid from the sticks reaches the success she had dreamed of while acting in her school plays. But she did pay her dues. In New York at the age of twenty-four, it was the same old struggling actor's tale—rounds of auditions, endless hours waiting in agents' offices, working as a Magic Pan waitress. She kept the spark alive by performing with an improv group named the "Cracked Tokens."

Then came the fateful day. She came straight from work on May 7, 1977, hearing of another casting call through the grapevine, to wait in yet another agent's office. Still in her Magic Pan uniform, she watched other young women go inside to audition for the lead female role in *Goin' South*, Jack Nicholson's debut as a director. Steenburgen waited, hoping for a crack at a bit part, maybe one with a few lines.

"Will you be reading for the part," a voice came. ▶





*Steenburgen's career reads like a classic Hollywood fairy tale, moving from aspiring actress/waitress to the lead female role in Jack Nicholson's *Goin' South*, literally overnight.*



"No," Steenburgen replied, turning to the direction of the voice to find a familiar face, recognizable even under the Wayfarer sunglasses. It was Jack Nicholson.

"Why not," he said.

"Because I didn't get a script," replied Steenburgen plaintively.

The next day she was his leading lady. Unbelievable? Steenburgen thought so, and sensibly asked for a paper stating "Yes, it's true" that Nicholson signed. Only then did she leave her Magic Pan for a fantasy assignment.

Steenburgen never looked back. Her second film was *Time After Time* (1979), the off-beat love story that introduced Steenburgen to another male lead with a flair for the crazed character, Malcolm McDowell. She'd heard of him, but, McDowell admits, he'd not only never heard of Steenburgen, "I couldn't pronounce her name either." (Steenburgen is pronounced with a soft G.) "Of course," says McDowell, "This picture is special for us, because it is a document of two people falling in love publicly." In the film, McDowell, as H.G. Wells, chased Jack The Ripper into twentieth-century San Francisco, while falling for the enchantingly dippy romantic that Steenburgen played. But the two were also falling in love in real life. Steenburgen was afraid their overt chemistry would ruin the movie. Instead, it helped make it a success.

Steenburgen's account of their on-location romance: "We almost ate each other alive." McDowell puts it less graphically: "It was instant, bigger than either of us." (Later, McDowell tells of a fascinating precognition. Letting himself be hypnotized for fun in Rome three years earlier, he saw a vision of a woman with dark curly hair, swinging in a forest. Her name, he said, was Mary. "I didn't think about it until a year after we were together. Then I suddenly went 'Wait a minute!'"

They were so madly in love, Steenburgen continues, that it took several years to gain a balance; to learn how to handle their passion and their work, while still engaged in normal family life.

The lessons have not come easy. When they married in 1980, one of their ceremonial vows had been, "I want you to be the best you can be." "Well," Steenburgen says laconically, "you can only be the best you can be if you do that fairly independently. Two actors' careers will not go in tandem. Careers go in waves—up and down. One of the reasons we're still married," Steenburgen says seriously, "is that we found a way to be together yet function separately at the same time."

She tucks a displaced curl back into her mass of hair, but it falls again, unheeded. "Sometimes," she muses, one of you wins an Oscar and the other is ignored." She is referring rather obliquely to her Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress in *Melvin and Howard* (1980), the story of Howard Hughes and Melvin Dummar.

It was her first nude scene. "And not even a love scene, where at least there are two of you. It was painful. Every guy in that room was making little comments. After four or five takes I could feel myself losing control, starting to cry."

Near hysteria, she phoned McDowell. "'Mary,' he said, 'Forget you're naked! What's the moment? What are you acting?' And I said, 'Oh!'" She laughs merrily at herself. "I'd totally forgotten I was acting. I was just being naked. I went back in, ripped my clothes off," she says, making the gesture, "and I flipped a man's hat off and waved to my friends for the first time, and marched out of there. And if someone finds something wrong with that scene. . . . I mean it's my little body, that's all it was."

Is it ever tough keeping 'reel' and real emotions in perspective? The question gains me a sly, elfin look from Steenburgen's assessing eyes. "Some actors dread love scenes, but I look forward to them. It's. . . ." her head tilts, her eyes shine, "like. . . legal flirting. I fall a little bit in love with everybody I work with." And Steenburgen mourns the end of every movie and play. "I'm always the

first one to burst into tears. I've never been able to go 'So long' and wave goodbye."

"Sure, I love the actress I'm working with," says McDowell, smiling at Steenburgen. Turning serious, McDowell describes the "enormous power of friendship" developed between actors during a filming or the run of a stageplay, because "you're opening up something very vulnerable to them, letting them look in the window of your soul."

Steenburgen and McDowell are both from lower-middle class families, though they were born and raised continents apart. McDowell's parents ran The Bull and Dog, a pub just outside Liverpool. Steenburgen's father was a freight conductor on the Missouri Pacific Railroad for thirty-eight years.

She still feels a strong pull to Arkansas that sends her back to visit two or three times a year. It has a certain "sense of timelessness," she says, "and Old World values."

McDowell rises to prepare tea. A muscled five-feet and ten inches, he looks the athlete he is in his tennis clothes. His blue eyes highlight an expressive face, topped off with a shock of blond hair, cut short for his current picture, *Sunset*.

Set in the twenties, "*Sunset*," he says, "is a comedy thriller about Wyatt Earp meeting Tom Mix in Hollywood, with Bruce Willis and James Garner. I play the head of a studio who's a mean, evil son of a bitch." McDowell is crazy about both Garner and Willis. "I'm always on the edge of hysterical laughter working with these two," he says. "It's the most fun thing I've done in the last ten years."

Most of those ten years have been spent in homes within easy reach of Hollywood. Why has he come to this remote place in the hills above Santa Barbara? With the arrival of their two children, Charlie and Lilly, both McDowell and Steenburgen "desperately wanted to move out. LA is smoggy, crowded . . . really New York West, isn't it?" McDowell says. They own a "stunning" 57 acres nearby, and for three years developed building plans until "the thing got like Camelot—too overbearing."

Before the move, McDowell says, "Mary'd had a hard year, filming *Tender Is The Night* (1985) in Europe for BBC Showtime Series: fifty-five moves from hotel to hotel in eight months!" The children were taken along under the supervision of two nannies working in shifts. "I couldn't take it," he admits, shaking his head. "I went off to do a play in the middle of it. How everybody survived, I'll never know!"

"Finally in Paris we said, 'Look this is lunacy to go back and build now. We're both exhausted. Let's just forget it.'" They asked close friends to investigate a house in their valley that fascinated them. It happened to have just fallen out of escrow, so McDowell and family seized the opportunity, buying the house and the acreage next to it from the friend's photographs.

By then, Steenburgen was on a new movie in Canada so McDowell came home to make a videotape of their purchase. Twice he began filming the chickens and henhouse and twice, "By the time I got to the real house the damn battery'd run out!" So Mary arrived, he says, chuckling, having never seen her bedroom. "Only a lot of chickens!" Then he soberes. "I've lived in lots of houses," he says, almost reverently, "and this will be the best one of them all."

The talk turns to McDowell's career and the wide range of roles he's played—from the socially deranged Alex in Stanley Kubrick's nightmarish *A Clockwork Orange* (1971), to the gentlemanly H.G. Wells in *Time After Time*. He feels his finest performance ever was on stage in New York in *Look Back In Anger* in 1981. Alex, he says, in *A Clockwork Orange*, is his best film performance, however, because "I managed to humanize a char-

Continued on Page 61



McDowell was thrust into the limelight after his performance as the socially deranged Alex in *A Clockwork Orange* "I used to want those earth-shattering parts," he now says.



Anthony EDWARDS

*From his
fourth-gen
the 'glam
success, ran*

*ding man, the
man talks about
he after Top Gun,
American way*

The profile of a man
as well as a man
Sherman...
story...
funny thing...
them the story...
No, no, we want...
do you do what...
say, 'Well, I play...
Then they say...
daredevil...
Olds into the

machine" BMW at 10...
that this isn't going...

Six feet-one and...
Edwards doesn't have...
chiseled features of...
youthful face is...
blemished. And it isn't...
restaurant personnel...
of '86's best grossing...
Still, in spite of his recent...
reluctance to talk to journalists...
launches into a comfortable three-
discourse on acting, Italian food, the film...
industry, specific films he's been in and...
life in America.

At twenty-five, Anthony Charles...
Edwards, a fourth-generation Santa Bar-
baran, is a successful, thoughtful, intel-

...says Anthony Edwards,
...chrome-everywhere,
...you to make up a whole
...Robert Mitchum, tell us a
...and awful because you tell
...that's not very interesting.
...always say 'Well, what
...you do for hobbies?' You
...friends, and read and stuff."
...They want you to be a
...Edwards eases the vintage
...what he calls his 'sex
...comes pretty obvious
...interview.

...ful countenance,



RALPH NELSON

ROBERT BRUCE DUNCAN

BY ROBERT BRUCE DUNCAN



His portrayal of Navy fighter pilot "Goose" in the '86 box-office blockbuster *Top Gun* (opposite) set Edwards on the fast track, though he would prefer to cruise through Hollywood in his 1960 Oldsmobile.

Anthony EDWARDS



Portrait of the actor as a young man (clockwise from above): The ten-year-old family magician entertains; with sister Anni for a '71 Thanksgiving feast at Prisoners Harbor on Santa Cruz Island; posing with the entire Edwards clan in '81; on the rocks at Padaro with his four brothers and sisters in '68; at his '80 graduation ceremonies from San Marcos High with another young Santa Barbara actor, Eric Stoltz (Mask).



ligent and complex actor, with important roles in ten movies and experience on stage and in TV. He was educated at Santa Barbara Junior High School and at San Marcos High, where he came under the guidance of Marge Luke, who has incubated many successful theatrical careers. "Her bottom line," Edwards remembers, "was commitment and professionalism in doing the job—whatever you were going to do—in relation to the play."

Edwards began doing TV commercials in 1980, and after his graduation from San Marcos, he attended the University of Southern California, where he was trained in the conservatory style of acting.

Following a compliment about his voice, he grins and obviously enjoys relating that "I had a bad lisp when I was growing up, and that was the best thing about the training I had at USC. My diction teacher there said, 'You better get your act together, pal, because you've got a problem.'"

"He [the teacher] really got me to start working on it, and I—to this day—do voice exercises."

After two years, he quit USC to play the son of Patty Duke Astin and Richard Crenna in the TV sitcom *It Takes Two*, and by 1983, Edwards was getting rave reviews as the son of Shirley Muldowney in *Heart Like a Wheel*, in spite of the fact that much of his role was cut from the film.

Recalling that summer, he's jarred by the intensity of the emotional flashback: "I was nineteen, and I'll never forget when I saw the first rough cut, and twenty minutes—the big conflict between the mother and the



son—were gone. My heart just broke.”

Since then, his list of credits includes *Revenge of the Nerds* ('84), *Gotcha* ('84), *Top Gun* ('86), this year's *Summer Heat* and *Miracle Mile* and, most recently, *Mr. North*.

Of all the glamour professions, acting is the only job where inexperienced beginners regularly walk in off the street and vault to immediate stardom. But for Edwards, the glamour of acting is more in appearance than reality.

“When you're working with a good actor, and you're working with a good script, you laugh that someone's paying you to do it, because it's so much fun. But there's acting, and then there's working in the movie business. They're very different. Acting is something that happens when they say 'action' until they say 'cut.' And that's what really counts. That's what's going to be up there on the screen.

“But unless you understand the movie business, and how to survive getting through eight weeks of making a movie, all the different complications, intrusions and distractions can effect the thirty seconds you have between 'action' and 'cut.' That's where the craft and business come in—how to deal with all those things and get what you want, what you need, so that when that camera's going, you have the freedom to let all the good stuff happen.”

It may be almost impossible to imagine that the actor who shared the lead in *Revenge of the Nerds* with Robert Carradine is the same man who portrayed the hero Navy fighter pilot “Goose” in *Top Gun*. What is obvious is that despite his sense of humor and a tendency to go into character when telling stories, for Anthony Edwards, there are no easy answers.

So don't ask him which film he likes the



best, because he'll tell you: “You could talk about each different film and what's different about them, or what's good about them, why I like them. . . .”

But, he does admit that “as far as the work I did and the character coming through, I think I like *Top Gun*. I don't like it as a movie, but as an actor playing a character, and I like the use of the character in the movie. I felt all the work that I did was important, and that if I hadn't been there, the movie would have had some real problems.

“You really needed to feel that this ‘Maverick’ character [Tom Cruise] had a friend like Goose who really loved him and really cared about him, and that gives strength to the Maverick character, which is what Goose's responsibility is in the structure of the movie. I felt he was a very real, believable character of a Navy pilot.

“Yet it's still a movie I don't really enjoy watching—I mean I do for the visual sense, but the movie is about rationalizing bad behavior, about being number one no matter what. And if you're good, you strive and become the best, and it doesn't matter what you do and who you have to step on. And that's America.”

For those who know his family, Edwards' success probably comes as no great surprise. His paternal great-grandfather, Charles Edwards, came to Santa Barbara in the mid-1800s, and his grandfather, William A. Edwards, was an architect who, the day after the Santa Barbara earthquake of 1925, went into partnership with Joe Plunkett, the partnership that built the famous Fox Arlington Theatre. Tony's father, Peter, is also an architect and partly responsible for the look of present-day Santa Barbara. And Tony's maternal grandfather, Kem Weber, designed the Walt

‘When you're working with a good actor and you're working with a good script, you laugh that someone's paying you to do it, because it's so much fun.’



In two of his latest films, Edwards shows his range, playing a young father in Summer Heat with Lori Singer (top) and a desperate jazz musician in the Armageddon film, Miracle Mile.





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Anthony Edwards

Disney Studios in Burbank, and Santa Barbara's Christian Science Reading Room.

Both sides of Tony's family, then, have left their mark on Santa Barbara. At the corner of Victoria and State Streets, you can find the Arlington Theatre, the Christian Science Reading Room and Great Western Savings Bank, all in buildings designed by Edwards' kin. "When I show my friends around town," Edwards says, smiling, "I tell them this was designed by my grandfather, this by my other grandfather and this by my dad."

According to Tony's mother, Erika, now married to Alvin Plack, her son knew from an early age what he wanted to do: "What struck me most about Tony was that from the time he was ten years old on, he knew he wanted to be an actor. That was it—just one direction." And he started by "doing magic tricks at our dinner parties."

"When he was sixteen, he wanted to be in movies. We said no. I had lived in Hollywood, and I knew a lot of [actors] whom I had gone to school with and what had happened to them. The rejection is unbelievable. It's such a pseudo world."

"He was very persistent, so we said ok, get your driver's license and you can go down by yourself. So he took the car, drove down to LA, got a manager, Gary Godard, and an agent, then he started trying out for commercials, and he'd get calls!"

But what she remembers most is his perception and straightforwardness. "The seven of us would sit around the dinner table and there was always a lot of conversation. Tony sits there and listens to what's going on, and then he'd say, 'Aw come on now, quit all the bullshit. What you're really saying is this, right?'"

"He's very intuitive, and I learn from him. My philosophy is, you teach kids until they're sixteen, then they will start giving you a few lessons." Regardless of who's giving the lessons now, Erika still refers to Tony as "My Baby."

"I think a lot of the creative talent, or the ability to do something with yourself, comes from an attitude that allows a person to do that," says Peter Edwards, "and I think that as soon as it is stifled, it would tend to wither."

And both parents agree that "When Tony was small, we had a wonderfully happy family life. . . . *Ladies' Home Journal* interviewed us, but they never ran the story because we were too good to be true."

Surprisingly, rejection has been a constant along the path of Edwards' success. "That's what's so funny. As it goes on, it looks like, well, he's twenty-five, he's done

Continued on Page 67



EAST BEACH AND BUTTERFLY



Hollywoodien en
diable, un tailleur
en grain de poudré
de laine, veste à
empiècement
froncé sous la
poitrine, grande
basque, col et
poignets en
imitation astrakhan

THIERRY MUGLER

ANTOINETTE



A.H. GASPAR



AIR DREAMS



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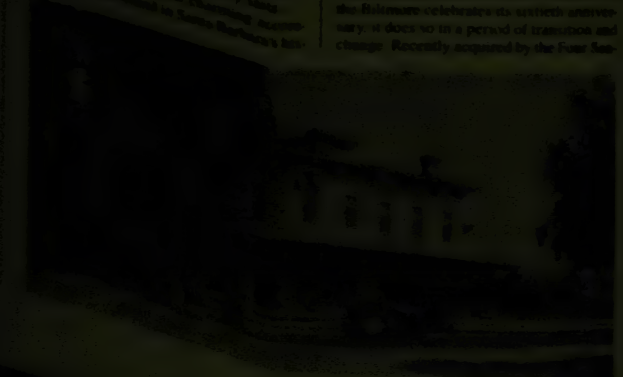
By James Driggers

Our historic inns combine the charm and romance of the past with the service and convenience of the present

Sometimes, a hotel room is just a place to park your suitcases, wash your weary clothes, and catch a few hours of sleep. But at a historic inn, the room is a place to stay, a place to relax, a place to enjoy the amenities of the past and the present. The historic inns of the United States are a treasure trove of history and architecture. They offer a unique experience for travelers who want to stay in a place that has a story to tell. The historic inns of the United States are a treasure trove of history and architecture. They offer a unique experience for travelers who want to stay in a place that has a story to tell.

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THE FINEST OF THE FINE
The finest of the fine is the historic inn. It is a place where you can experience the best of the past and the present. The historic inns of the United States are a treasure trove of history and architecture. They offer a unique experience for travelers who want to stay in a place that has a story to tell.





PHOTOS BY JURGEN HILMER



Relaxing by the fireplace in the El Encanto's sitting room (top) or strolling by the lily pond (above), it is easy to understand why this hilltop hideaway, originally built in 1915, has emerged as one of the most romantic retreats in the area.

sons hotel group, the 228-room hotel is undergoing more than \$13 million in renovations in an attempt to return it to its glory days. Walking the immaculately landscaped nineteen-acre property, watching the guests play croquet, it is not hard to imagine those days when the guests of the hotel included Charles Lindbergh, Mary Pickford or the King of Sweden.

The main lobby of the hotel was built as a private estate in the early 1900s, and when it was converted into a hotel, it was one of the original 18 that comprised the "Biltmore collection." Today, the Four Seasons Biltmore offers guests a luxury package as only a true resort hotel can, with such amenities as twenty-four-hour room service, golf privileges at Montecito Country Club and La Cumbre Country Club and use of the Coral Casino (which is also under consideration for conversion to a more comprehensive spa facility). There are nine bungalows on the property, and about a quarter of the rooms are equipped with fireplaces. Most exciting, however, is the current conversion of the O'Dell Cottage into a Presidential suite. Early plans for the cottage include four bedrooms, a board room, a Jacuzzi and a patio reception area.

THE EL ENCANTO

Overlooking the entire city, another Santa Barbara landmark, the El Encanto (which means "The Enchanted") offers one of the most spectacular and romantic views of the area. When visitors wonder why Santa Barbara is so often compared to the Riviera, a trip to the El Encanto terrace answers all questions. The original structure was constructed in 1915 as a series of residence halls, with later additions built as winter cottages for vacationing East Coast magnates. Today, the ten-acre complex consists of the main building—which houses the dining room, lounge and offices—and about one hundred "garden villas," cottages that are scattered throughout the lush tropical landscape. About half the rooms are equipped with fireplaces. The most lavish suites include kitchenettes and private patios. Each room is decorated differently.

In an atmosphere of tradition and elegance, the El Encanto offers guests the chance to be as remote as they desire, and the feeling of space and separation are a large part of the hotel's appeal. Wandering by the lily pond or relaxing in a swing near the pool overlooking the city, it is easy to understand why the El Encanto has

The rustic elegance of the San Ysidro Ranch (right), nestled in the hills of Montecito, has attracted scores of lovesick honeymooners through the ages, including this legendary couple (below), John F. Kennedy and his bride, Jacqueline.



emerged as a romantic hideaway. Guests have the option of venturing down into town or just staying put, since the hotel dining room under the direction of chef Renaud Defond is also one of the El Encanto's claims to fame. Sitting on the terrace at sunset, with a harpist to add to the mood, the El Encanto is a trip to another world.

THE MONTECITO INN

The Montecito Inn is a combination of Hollywood nostalgia and Santa Barbara charm. The 53-room Mediterranean-styled hotel has been a Santa Barbara fixture since its completion in 1928 by owners Charlie Chaplin and Fatty Arbuckle.

The Montecito Inn saw its current resurgence in 1981, when restorations estimated at around \$3 million were begun in an elaborate program to upgrade the hotel to all of its 1920s splendor. Hallways were gutted and coved to add height and character, and the original arched windows along the front were restored in keeping with the graceful style of the building. A wishing well was imported from Italy and installed in the Montecito Cafe (located just off the hotel lobby). Baths were appointed with hand-painted tiles and brass fixtures, and decorations were chosen for the rooms to recall the romance of a bygone era.

The restored honeymoon tower is one of the most romantic hideaways in the city. It is a deluxe split-level suite, with a fabric-lined parlor room, imported Spanish-tiled bath and private wet bar as amenities. A winding staircase leads to a master bedroom with cathedral-arched ceiling and full-length bay windows that afford wonderful views of the ocean and mountains.

THE SAN YSIDRO RANCH

Meanwhile, back at the San Ysidro Ranch—the key word is *ranch*—if there can be such a concept as rugged, rustic

elegance, the San Ysidro personifies it. From the moment you pull into a parking space with a sign exclaiming “Hi!” that greets you, the ranch seems to emphasize the fact that the one thing they don’t want to take too seriously is themselves. That is not to say they don’t take what they do seriously—for indeed they do, with a staff of over 115 for the 43 units. The Ranch is truly a “destination hotel,” in that once you are there, you are *there*. Situated on over 550 acres in the Montecito foothills, seclusion is a major draw here, and it is not hard to imagine why the place is popular with celebrities ranging back to the “glitteratti” of old Hollywood (Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh were married in the garden) to such stars of today as Paul Newman, Barbra Streisand and Sylvester Stallone. Golf, tennis, riding, hiking and a pool overlooking the Pacific are all part of the ranch’s charm, and the grounds are maintained in a manner which does not impose on the natural surroundings, but works to enhance them.

Guests are greeted with a personalized wooden placard on the door of their cottage. While the twenty-five buildings range in style from the original 1825 adobe, to the updated cottages, all are equipped with fireplaces, and eleven of the units have private



Inns

Inns

Jacuzzis. The rooms are appointed in a homey, comfortable style, with great attention to the smallest detail, a Ranch trademark. Care is taken to match guests with



the cottage that best suits their needs. The "Forest" cottage is the most elaborate and the most remote, offering a wet bar, Jacuzzi, fireplace and private porch. There is only one television set at the ranch, and that is located in the main lounge, where guests may gather at the "honor bar" (you pour your own drink and keep your tab updated) and sit by the fire. Quite honestly, it is hard to imagine ever coming out of the room.

THE UPHAM

Santa Barbara's oldest continually operating hotel, the Upham Victorian Hotel and Garden Cottages, was built shortly after the Civil War, and has been refurbished in keeping with the turn-of-the-century New England style. As you enter the porch-lined building, you are ushered into a cozy lobby dominated by a black-tiled fireplace.

Guests gather here in the mornings for complimentary continental breakfast or the afternoon happy hour, which is also included in the hotel package. You are encouraged to relax on the veranda or in the garden, which surrounds the one-acre complex. The Upham offers a choice of 39 rooms and three cottages, seven of which have fireplaces. The rooms are decorated in deep, rich tones, with navy blue and maroon as the dominant colors, and they feature antique beds and appointments. Without a doubt, the Upham's master suite is a real find, boasting a private yard with its own porch and hammock. Inside, there is a sitting room, fireplace, king-size bed and a Jacuzzi large enough to stir the imagination. Louie's Restaurant is located in the hotel and offers an excellent California cuisine-oriented menu for lunch and dinner.

THE VILLA ROSA

Just minutes from the Upham, and only steps (48 so they tell me) from the beach, the Villa Rosa is another small hotel with a completely unique charm. The interior is decorated in a casual southwestern style, with cool tans, soft pastels and wonderful contemporary art. Built in the Spanish Colonial Revival style in 1931, the two-story, eighteen-room inn was originally called the "Hilton-by-the-Sea," and was renovated by its present owners Mark and Beverly Kirkhart in 1981. The lobby and bar open onto a beautiful, intimate courtyard pool and Jacuzzi, where guests may enjoy the afternoon complimentary wine tasting (continental breakfast is also

Continued on Page 56

The sprawling seaside Four Seasons Biltmore (left) offers the same appeal today as it did when it was founded sixty years ago: elegance, service and a view in simply one of the finest luxury resorts in the West. In contrast, the small and casual eighteen-room Villa Rosa (below) lures guests with its unique and unimpeachable charm.





THE CHAPLIN DAYS OF THE MONTECITO INN



The Montecito Inn is unique among Santa Barbara landmarks in that the 53-room hotel is a product of Hollywood's glory days, built in 1927 by Charlie Chaplin and Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle as a haven for celebrities. The opening of the Montecito Hotel (as it was originally called) in February of 1928, was attended by such legendary stars as Norma Shearer, Janet Gaynor, Wallace Beery and Carole Lombard. Constructed at a cost of over \$300,000, the hotel was considered by many to be the "cream of the coast."

Despite its illustrious beginnings, however, the hotel was slated for hard times with the stock market crash of 1929 (and the subsequent depression of the '30s), and the advent of talking pictures, which toppled many of the reigning stars of the day. Both Chaplin and Arbuckle were embroiled in heavily publicized personal crises, and soon sold their interests in the property. Its reputation still enabled the hotel to attract an exclusive clientele including Richard Rogers, who, it is reported, composed the classic love

song "There's A Small Hotel" after watching a pair of newlyweds tossing coins into the hotel's wishing well located beneath his window.

In the years that followed, after a number of different owners, including Avery Brundage, chairman of the International Olympic Committee (who purchased the property in 1957), the inn went through a great many changes, losing a great deal of its original style (and its wishing well). Ultimately, it was converted into a commercial property and residential hotel.

Today, after a multi-million dollar renovation in 1981, its original co-owner is still celebrated here. Chaplin posters grace the lobby and halls of the Montecito Inn, and Chaplin films are shown on a regular basis. Walking the second-story hallway, the cool Spanish tiles beneath your feet, surrounded by lush blooming plants and the original custom-wrought iron railings, it is easy to be transported back to a time when the person coming down the hall might have been the little tramp himself. —J.D.

A thoroughbred
of carousel art,
this turn-of-
the-century outside
standing horse was
created by Gustav A.
Dentzel, restored by
William H. Dentzel III
and is in the private
collection of Santa
Barbaran William
Dentzel II.





Under The Spell of the CAROUSEL

*Santa Barbarans rediscover
the wonder and delight of a timeless folk craft*

They've been called roundabouts, whirligigs, flying horses, spinning jinnies, steam riding galleries, carry-us-alls and, of course, merry-go-rounds. Today the proper word is carousel, with only the random appearance and disappearance of the second *r*, (and sometimes a second *s* or *l*) to hint at the inconsistency of sentiment towards a national pastime of years gone by.

Flying animals, frozen fantasies, chariots of desire, they whirled around and around on an endless track of pleasure. In the days before television, people flocked to experience their irresistible combination of band organ music, glittering lights and captivating motion. For children of all ages, spinning around on a magnificent beast has been a moment of pure magic, stored for years in the halls of nostalgia.

During the past two decades, many people have taken a closer look and discovered to their wonder and delight the timeless beauty of the old carousels. "A carousel is in itself a great art expression and an outstanding form of folk craft," says William Dentzel II, one of a group of Santa Barbara residents whose lives are deeply entwined in the history of the carousel.

More than a hundred and fifty years ago, Dentzel's great-grandfather, Michael, a wheelwright in Germany, watched his children swinging on the spokes of the wheel he had set on a post for the metal rim to cool. He got the idea of making the pole higher,

the wheel bigger and hanging benches or carved horses from chains, thus transforming himself into a carousel maker. According to Bill Dentzel, this was "reinventing the wheel," for similar devices had been used hundreds of years before.

Michael Dentzel improved upon his invention, however, and was soon taking a portable, hand-carved carousel around the German countryside. Called the "Flying Horses of Kreuznach," it was turned first by hand and later by a horse. He subsequently improved it by putting the animals on a platform, transforming the benches into hand-carved chariots and even adding a lion to the team.

The name carousel comes from the Italian *carosello* or "little war," a game brought back from the Crusades involving clay balls of scented water thrown between galloping horsemen in a ring. In the sixteenth century, the French called the game *carrousel* and turned it into a magnificent spectacle of fancy dress and horsemanship.

Other variations of carousels existed in Europe prior to the Dentzel machine. But when Michael's son Gustav emigrated to America in 1864, along with his carving tools and an unfinished carousel, the family became pioneering carousel manufacturers in this country.

The Dentzel name is now linked with other great names of carousel makers, among them Loeff, Illions, Parker, Herschell-Spillman and the Philadelphia Toboggan Company. Between the years of

By Hilary Dole Klein

On Dentzel carousels, the deer was second only to the horse in popularity. This 1927 prancing Dentzel buck, restored by Tobin Fraley Studios and in the collection of John and Cathy Daniel, wears a rack of genuine antlers.



While horses were the original carousel animals, all manner of menagerie figures went along for the ride, including African exotics (opposite) like this stately 1900 Dentzel giraffe and a spirited bareback zebra produced by Herschell-Spillman in 1912.

The background photograph is believed to be of Buffalo Bill Cody and his troops of performing Indians and mountain men riding a Dentzel carousel in a park near where they did their show, circa 1890.

1860 and 1930, they produced around 2,500 beautifully hand-crafted carousels for a country that was mad for their rides.

Most of the horses, lions, roosters, ostriches, cats, rabbits and other "African exotics" and menagerie figures were carved by immigrants who had come to this country with years of apprenticeship and training behind them. These master carvers were artists who created amazing sculptures in wood. In retrospect, we might interpret it as a gift, a kind of art in public places, given in exchange for the opportunities offered to these immigrants in their new land.

Bill Dentzel calls this "a great phenomena of artistic accident," pointing out that to those who made them, these were just ordinary amusement devices, not recognized as the flowering of a special American folk art.

With the coming of the depression, many carousel companies including the Dentzel Company, went out of business. Bill's father, Edward, who had started out as a ring boy before going into the shop, had come to California in the twenties with two carousels which he installed at Ocean Park and Venice. Both of them burned down, a fate that came to destroy many carousels. His carousels were uninsured; he abandoned the business, becoming a builder in Beverly Hills. Bill Dentzel grew up largely unaware of his family's carousel history, for his father felt that they were a part of an inglorious "carny" past.

He was not alone in this attitude. By the 1950s most carousels had been destroyed by fires, floods, hurricanes and neglect. Today less than 10 percent of the original machines remain. Individual animals found their way onto bonfires and into flea mar-

kets and junk shops, or lay neglected in barns, feasted upon by termites.

In the sixties, however, a renewed interest in restoring and preserving carousels as heirlooms of Americana developed. At the same time the animals themselves began to be highly prized by collectors.

Jack Baker, a Santa Barbara artist whose house is filled with carved wooden animals and birds, says that carousel animals used to be considered something amusing you might see in someone's house. "Now," he observes, "you go in and say, 'Oh my god, that thing's worth a lot of money.'" Hang-



ing from the ceiling in a corner of his living room, a small carousel figure, an Australian emu, struts in the air, blithely unaware of its rarity as a carousel bird.

Years ago a friend sent Baker a Dentzel rabbit as a gift. At the time, the cost of shipping was probably greater than the value of the animal. He no longer has the animal, but today a similar one would sell for thousands of dollars. Prices for a good carousel animal start at \$5,000 and go considerably higher. A rare rooster is worth between \$45,000 and \$50,000.

"You can't even find carousel animals anymore, except through dealers or other collectors," says Robert Reisner, a Santa Barbara collector who has been interested in them for years. One of his favorite animals, which also include several giraffes

and a French cow, is a small horse bought in Santa Barbara on lower State Street fifteen years ago. Decrepit and broken up, the animal was repaired by Reisner himself. His hobby of restoring things got him interested in carousel animals in the first place.

People involved in carousel preservation and restoration have different ideas about the aesthetics of restoration. Some prefer to strip the animal to the wood, where the true beauty of the carver's art can be seen. Repainting the animals is considered an art in itself. Others believe the paint, no matter how awful, should be left untouched since it documents the history of the animal. A figure with its original factory paint is hard to find and highly valued.

Many of the animals now being restored languished in a state of neglect for years, or were subject to great wear and tear on the carousels, nailed back together when their seams came apart and painted and repainted over and over again.

Lynda McEvoy, currently a student at UCSB, used to have a business buying and selling carousel animals. After acquiring a magnificent Dentzel lion, she spent three months taking off its numerous layers of paint. She was delighted to find that what had been knobs on the saddle were in fact delicately carved birds.

McEvoy used a heat gun, chemical strippers and dental tools to work through the layers of paint, down past the original gold and silver leaf. "It was like going back in time," she says. She then sent the lion to a professional restorer. Six months and \$2,000 later, it was returned to her, having been completely taken apart and painstakingly reglued.

In Montecito, Peter Stollenwerk has begun restoring a German goat from the late 1800s. Part of the late Ganna Walska's



Elaborately carved in 1927 by master craftsman M.C. Illions, the 'American Beauty' served as the lead horse for his last carousel, installed at Coney Island. The lead horse was traditionally more ornate than the rest of a carousel's figures.





Right: A trio of Dentzel menagerie figures from the collection of William Dentzel II include finely restored goat and rabbit jumpers and a standing tiger in original paint.

collection of 39 carousel animals, it had lain on its side for so long that half of it had disintegrated. After restoration by Dentzel's son, William H. Dentzel III, most of the Walska collection, which included a rare hippocampus (sea horse), was sold at auction this year in New York. The money paid for a new water system at Lotusland, the Walska estate whose fabulous gardens will be one day open to the public. Stollenwerk and his wife Lynda are restoring the buildings at Lotusland. He says that the goat would have cost as much to restore as it would have brought at the sale, and he received it as a gift.

Stollenwerk has carved a new tail, a hoof and part of the saddle. And he has painstakingly injected the soft, crumbling wood with a high-tech liquid epoxy to harden it. It will take him months to finish it.

The cost of restoration deters carousel owners from preserving them. The lure of the auctioneer has also contributed to the dismantling of many carousels, now an endangered species. There are only twenty Dentzel carousels left in this country, according to Bill Dentzel, who strongly regrets what he calls the cannibalization and destruction of these machines.

The Dentzels have carousel animals in their own living room, and in almost every other room of their home. Some are original Dentzel animals from previous generations, others were carved by Bill Dentzel himself or by his sons. His wife, Marion, says that they stopped buying the animals when they realized "they were feeding the monster." She and her husband would like to see the original animals back on the carousels. "They should be in parks and children should be riding on them. In our prejudiced opinion, the collectors should have the fiberglass ones,

rather than breaking up more of the grand old machines," she says.

John Davis would prefer to see fiberglass animals on the carousels and the hand-carved ones in museums—under glass.

Now retired and living in Santa Barbara with his wife, Jan, he operated carousel machines in Tilden Park in Berkeley, and Lincoln Park and Griffith Park in Los Angeles.

His grandfather, Oliver Davis, came to California in the early years of this century, traveling all over the state with a portable, steam-driven carousel. His son, Ross, John's father, built up the business with a number of carousels. His friend, Walt Disney, who used to bring his children to Ross' Griffith Park carousel, says that it was watching the carousel that gave him the idea for Disneyland.

John worked in the family business from the time he was old enough to step on a box and sell popcorn.

"At Griffith Park we carried 650,000 paying customers one year," says Davis. "That was at five cents a ticket. It later went up to ten cents, but the park wouldn't let us raise it any higher."

Their Lincoln Park carousel caught fire in 1976. Fortunately, some of the animals had been taken off for repair. The Davis' have a number of these animals and others in their home. A huge giraffe stands by the door, rakishly wearing one of John's hats. In the dining room a lovely Loeff horse carries a potted plant on its saddle. Downstairs in a storage room, a cluster of animals crowd together,



straining, leaping and racing at a standstill, their frozen poses oddly unsuited to such close quarters.

Davis admits to not having the foresight to see that the animals would one day become valuable. "I saw them as the tools of my trade. I didn't think they would become collectible. If I had seen what was going to happen, I would have hired a warehouse and stored them," he says.

His wife, who has always loved the animals, agrees. "We had a small house and four kids and no place to put them." She pointed out that today many of the animals in their collection have been loaned out to relatives. "They'll never burn up all at once again," she says.

Carousel animals have embarked on a new ride, going around and around in a controversy of collecting versus preservation. It's the perennial struggle to preserve a vanishing species against the forces that want to profit from it.



Fourth-generation carousel carver William Dentzel II chisels a latter-day Dentzel lion in his Santa Barbara workshop.

Davis points out that when he sold the Griffith Park Carousel before moving here in 1981, he let it go for less than it was worth in order to keep it in operation. He could have dismantled it and sold it piecemeal, as many other operators have done. But he has a streak of sentiment for the old machines.

The Dentzels are passionate in their

efforts to preserve the carousels, giving slide lectures, sharing their historical archives and loaning their animals to museums.

"I'm for the preservation of existing carousels," says Lynda McEvoy, who in addition to her lion has several beautiful horses. "I do not condone people who go to amusement parks and convince owners to break them up. I'm also aware, however, that my collecting creates a double bind, because it creates a market. Still I enjoy them so much; I can't imagine not having them if they are available."

Collectors have driven up the prices of these animals but they have also opened people's eyes to the beauty of carousel art and contributed to an increased awareness of their value. People pay attention to money. In some cities, groups have had their carousels placed on the National Register of Historic Places, raising the money for their restoration.

A magnificent Dentzel lion roars again at the Santa Barbara home of Lynda McEvoy, who spent three months stripping the old paint off her king of the carousel with a heat gun and dental tools. "It was like going back in time," she says.





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